

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.

FEBRUARY, 1829.

CIVILIZATION OF THE INDIANS.

THOUGH we believe it to be the sincere desire of our Government to extend the benefits of instruction and civilization to the Indians, and arrest the depopulation that is so rapidly thinning their tribes, its efforts to effect this object have hitherto been attended with so little success, that we must suppose the existence of some radical defect in the system that has been pursued towards these unfortunate people. An English traveller, in a work not long since published, entitled, "*Six Month's Residence in Mexico*," assures us that the Indians of that country continued to exist in undiminished numbers, and form a useful and industrious part of the population, and are the most happy and contented race of people that he has ever seen. He takes frequent occasion to repeat the remark, and gives the following picture of the Sunday recreations permitted to these people by their Spanish task-masters, whom Governor Troup and the Georgians will doubtless consider as no better than Indians, for allowing such privileges and enjoyments to a set of wretches, whose place might be so much better supplied by a race of independent farmers and republican yeomen :—

"From the account I had received of the Paseo, I was a little disappointed; but the sight of the Indians, returning home from their little Sunday excursions in their canoes on the canal of Chalco, which is close to the ride, made ample amends. In the fine evenings during the dry season, the environs of the city present a scene

of gaiety and pleasure, scarcely to be paralleled; hundreds of canoes of various sizes, most with awnings, crowded with native Indians, neatly dressed, and their heads crowned with the most gaudy flowers, are seen passing in every direction; each boat with its musician seated on the stern, playing on the guitar and some of the party singing or dancing, and often both united, presents such a picture of harmless mirth as I fear is rarely to be met with at the fairs and wakes of our country."—p. 76.

He thus describes the appearance on market days :

"One of the most interesting sights to an inquisitive stranger in Mexico, is a ramble early in the morning to the canal which leads to the lake of Chalco. There, hundreds of Indian canoes, of different forms and sizes, freighted with the greatest variety of the animal and vegetable productions of the neighbourhood, are constantly arriving; they are frequently navigated by native women, accompanied by their families. The finest cultivated vegetables which are produced in European gardens, with the numberless fruits of the torrid zone, of many of which even the names are not known to us, are piled up in pyramids, and decorated with the most gaudy flowers. In the front of the canoes, the Indian women, very slightly clothed, with their long glossy tresses of jet black hair flowing luxuriously to the waist, and often with an infant fastened to their backs, push the canoes forward with long slender poles. In the centre, under cover, the remainder of the family are seated, mostly employed in spinning cotton, or weaving it, in their simple portable looms, into narrow webs of blue and white cloth, which forms their principal clothing. Other boats are loaded with meat, fowls, turkeys, and a profusion of wild ducks, which they pluck and prepare on their road to market; generally throwing the feathers, which they consider of no value, into the water. Others again are freighted with Indian Corn in bulk or straw, the general food for horses; reared like floating pyramids. Milk, butter, fruit and young kids, are all in the greatest plenty, and, what adds to the picturesque appearance of the whole, is, that nearly every canoe has a quantity of red and white poppies spread on the top of the other commodities; and if there be a man on board, he is usually employed in strumming on a simple guitar for the amusement of the rest. The whole of this busy scene is conducted with the greatest harmony and cordiality. These simple people seldom pass each other without saluting—"Buenos dias Senor, or Senora," is in every mouth, and they embrace each other with all the appearance of sincerity."—p. 190.

It is in vain to alledge that the Mexicans are a civilized race wholly different from our Indians, for we find that, notwithstanding the advances made by the Creeks and Cherokees in agriculture and civilization, they have been forced by our Government, from their farms and possessions in compliance with the bullying and savage violence, and to gratify the remorseless cupidity of the State of Georgia, which like Shylock, insisted on the fulfilment of the terms of its bond. But what the "Second Daniel who came to Judgement" could not effect, was, it seems achieved by American cunning and policy, and *no blood* was shed on the occasion; the Indians having been brought to consent to their own banishment and to resign their lands and possessions in due diplomatic form and by regular negotiation and treaty. The nature of these Treaties, however, in which a few influential Chiefs, bartered away their own, and the possessions of their people, for a

"mess of pottage," are now pretty well understood by the public. We would only observe that there are more ways than one of incurring the guilt of blood, and the drops that are wrung from the heart, when man is forced from his native soil and driven into distant and hopeless exile, are not less upon the heads of those who caused them to flow, than if they had been shed by the edge of the bayonet or the sword. The success that is shown to have attended the plans of the Jesuits for the civilization of the tribes of South America, and of the general condition of the Indians in that quarter of the world, (so superior to that of our own unfortunate borderers) are facts that certainly make us blush for the present situation of the latter—who are not only daily diminishing in numbers, but are continually harrassed by removals, and in a manner forced into Treaties that invariably end in new cessions of their lands to our Government, which serve to allay but for a moment our insatiable avidity; while it is notorious that they have been greatly deteriorated in point of morals and character, by their contact and intercourse with us. We confess we have been shocked at the language used in certain of our public journals,* (by those who appear otherwise friendly to the Indians and well acquainted with their character and condition,) which seem to look to the ultimate extinction of the tribes as an event that must sooner or later take place—whatever efforts we may use to delay or prevent it. That they were not originally doomed to any such inevitable destruction, the history of certain portions of the race in South America, sufficiently evinces, and we think it may be clearly shown, that it is solely owing to a want of a proper system, that our attempts to civilize the tribes that have fallen under our care, have so signally failed. The failure of the irregular and ill concerted plans, that we have hitherto pursued, has led us to form the most illiberal and mistaken notions respecting the character and mental qualities of the Indian; as we are very un-

* See *Western American Review*, No. 41.

turally inclined to ascribe the non-success of our attempts to make him like one of us, to an original unteachableness and an intractable disposition on his part, rather than to any want of management or neglect of duty on ours. We conceive that the first step necessary for the formation of a better system, for the instruction and improvement of the tribes, is a thorough reform in the Indian Department of our Government, which while it has confessedly failed to effect any of the objects for which it was instituted, has always proved a highly troublesome and expensive branch of the Administration. That there is a total inefficiency in this department, is, we think, sufficiently evinced by the fact, that at the end of nearly half a century, and after the expenditure of immense sums of money, our Borderers not only continue unreclaimed from their wild habits; but in time of war, have always shown themselves hostile to the United States and ready to take part with our enemies:—so that we have neither succeeded in civilizing them, nor in attaching them to our interest.

That in some of the wars alluded to, they have been induced to take up arms against us, by the arts and intrigues of the British Government, palliates but little the disgrace which these contests reflect upon us; for had we exerted ourselves with zeal and system in the work of civilization, we should undoubtedly have succeeded in securing their alliance and friendship; and instead of suffering from their hostilities, would have had the aid of their co-operation, which (as was sufficiently shown in the course of the last war) can always be so regulated, as effectually to restrain their more barbarous practices and render them highly useful as auxiliaries and pioneers. Indeed, no other Government but that of the United States, would have failed to avail itself of the effectual military aid which the Indians can be made to afford, particularly for the purpose of defensive warfare.

The forests of our country are to these people, so many natural fortifications, in which they could be

most advantageously employed, to repel invasion, and delay and embarrass the operations of an enemy. We conceive that there can be no objection to our employing them in this way ; for, we repeat, that experience has shown, that wherever proper measures are resorted to, their more cruel practices in war can always be prevented. The non-employment of the Indians has always been considered as a proof of magnanimity and forbearance on the part of our Government ; and its imbecility and improvidence have thus found a specious excuse, and been varnished over under these high sounding, but abused and misapplied terms. It will scarcely be denied that it was in the power of our Government, posited as we are, and was its duty to establish amicable and binding relations with the various tribes bordering upon our territory ; yet that it has most inexcusably neglected this policy, and has enabled the enemy to snatch an efficient means of defence out of its hands, and to convert it into a source of injury and annoyance to our frontiers—the darkest and most disgraceful pages of our history, but too fully attest. One of the chief defects of our present Indian system, is, the very great degree of carelessness that prevails in the appointment of *Agents* ; who are most commonly chosen without any regard to their fitness for the office—interest or favor, rather than merit, being the usual passports to these situations. The persons who seek these appointments, have seldom any other object in view, than the salary attached to the office, and the profits to be derived from trading with the Indians. But the Government cannot reasonably expect to succeed in accomplishing its benevolent views towards the latter until it resolves to appoint only such persons as it knows to be properly qualified to forward its objects ;—who are acquainted with the Indian character ;—and who are actuated by a zeal for the instruction and improvement of the tribes placed under their charge. Until they do this, they cannot expect that the world will give them any credit for the

outward professions that they make of a zeal in behalf of the Indians, and of an earnest desire to promote their civilization and welfare. We do not hesitate to say, that the incompetence of most of the Agents appointed, and their habitual neglect of the proper and higher duties of their stations, form a system of sinecurism, and a mass of abuse, that falls little short of the worst practices of the most degenerate governments of the Old World. A mere routine of appointments obtained through influence and intrigue of unmeaning reports and wasteful expenditure, forms the history of the present government system for the improvement and civilization of the Indians. It was not by such a course, but by well concerted plans, and the selection of properly qualified persons to carry them into effect; it was not by lukewarmness and empty talk, but by zeal and unremitting exertions, that the Jesuits succeeded in rendering the tribes of South America both useful auxiliaries in war, and happy and improving communities in time of peace. Another cause of the non-success of all our attempts to elevate these people above their aboriginal condition, has been our relying upon the idea, that the example of the whites, and the present of proper implements of husbandry, would prove incitements sufficient to induce the Indians to adopt our habits and devote themselves to the cultivation of their lands. It surely, however, ought to have occurred to our Government, who have so long and unavailingly relied on these means, that it cannot reasonably be expected of any people that they will abandon an occupation from which they obtain a present advantage, to engage in pursuits that hold out to them no prospect of profit, and which whatever might be their industry, would scarcely afford them any thing more than a bare subsistence. While the Indians can by the chase procure abundance of peltry, in exchange for which they readily obtain the various articles of use or ornament in esteem among them, it is idle to suppose that they will abandon this comparatively lucrative

pursuit, to raise crops which they cannot sell, and which they have no means whatever of transporting to a market. We know that a large portion of the inhabitants of Canada, prefer the occupation of hunting and trapping, to the labour of agriculture; and for the same reason that our Indians do, viz. the ready sale they meet with for the skins they collect; the fur trade being always more profitable than any other pursuit in a country abounding in game. Should the Government find it practicable to establish stores, or markets, at our different Western posts, where the Indians might dispose of the surplus products of their soil, and be sure of having them taken off their hands, in the same manner as their furs, bees-wax, bears-oil, and other supplies of the chase now are; there can be no doubt that they could in this way be readily led to turn their attention to agriculture: and would be converted from a race of Hunters and Warriors, into a body of useful and industrious cultivators. We conceive that they can only be civilized by giving them a *pecuniary inducement* to cultivate the soil; unless therefore the Government can succeed in establishing some species of traffic with them, in grain, or other agricultural staples, which they might raise; the profits they at present derive from the articles produced by the chase,—or in other words, the greater advantages of the *fur trade*, which affords them the means of purchasing, as they want them, their strowds, blankets, ammunition, rifles, pipes, tobacco, ornaments, &c. will naturally continue to enjoy their exclusive attention, and bind them to their present mode of life, to the end of time. We should reflect, that we would not ourselves engage in the cultivation of the soil, but for the pecuniary reimbursement that it yields to our industry; and we cannot expect that the Indians should form a more abstract view of the advantages of civilization, and a more settled life, and abandon the lucrative occupation of hunting to raise crops at remote distances from any market, and which they cannot dispose of to half the advantage that they can their

furs and other products of the chase. They have, however, always carried on some cultivation, and the chief objection to their present mode of life is, that their wandering habits as hunters, tend to prevent their receiving any permanent benefit from instruction or making any advances in civilization and intellectual improvement. Could they be weaned from their venatic habits, the general economy of their society, is no way objectionable as good order is well preserved among them; and their holding all property in common, is a system exemplified at the present day in several civilized and christian communities; and appears to be attended with many advantages. The experiment of Mr. Owen at Lanark, and of the Harmonites, Moravians and Shakers; and, we may add the experience of the Indians themselves, seem to shew, that the establishment of a community of goods, while it tends to harmonize the society, also eradicates more effectually than any other institution, or than can be done by any species of moral discipline, that all-grasping cupidity and spreading corruption, which are the sources of so many evils and miseries in those countries that made the principle of individual property, the foundation of their social system. When we consider that the *sacra fumes auri* and the spirit of selfish aggrandizement, have been the main sources of the moral degradation of mankind, and the most besetting vice of the human heart; it certainly appears a singular obstacle that we have to contend with in attempting to civilize the Indian, that he is wholly a stranger to the above passion; and that the ancient and venerable principle of *meum* and *tuum*, can only by much trouble and pains be impressed upon his mind. We yet consider this as a necessary beginning for him and an element of instruction, without the due understanding of which, there is no hope of his ever making any progress in his learning. It may be doubted therefore, whether it would not be better to leave some of their institutions uninnovated upon, and merely direct our attention to their

education, and the improvement of their agricultural industry.

The mistaken system that we have so long pursued towards these people, has at length led to a crisis which has compelled the Government to revolve a measure which we cannot but look upon as fraught with vicious consequences to the Indians; and which, if executed, cannot fail to impeach our humanity and seriously injure and commit our national character abroad. The scheme now in agitation, of *removing* (for such is the gentle term employed) these unhappy people from their hearths and native lands, and exiling them to distant wilds remote from the influences and examples of civilization—which can have no other effect than that of consigning them to deeper barbarism, and ultimate annihilation—would be an act of power so arbitrary in its character, and so destructive in its consequences to the poor Indians, that we cannot but hope the Government will pause over, and seriously reflect upon the probable result of the measure, before attempting to execute it.* We rather hope that a reform of the Indian Department, as we have ventured to recommend, and the adoption of a better devised system for the Government and instruction of the Indians, will be first resorted to; and will yet become *the order of the day* in Congress. The eyes of the world are upon us, and for our conduct to our red brethren, we must expect to be called to a strict account both by posterity, and at the tribunal of that Power, who weighs in his scales the actions, and holds in his hands the destinies of nations. This audit will be the more strict, from the fact (so invariably proved by history,) that whenever these people have been treated with justice and kindness, they have always proved docile to instruction; and been the friends instead of the enemies of their white neighbours. Almost the only example of their having been

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treated with that justice and mildness which they ought always to have experienced in their intercourse with Christians, occurs in the early annals of Pennsylvania, under the primitive and philanthropic government of her first Legislator. And it forms a beautiful incident in history, finely illustrative of the connexion between the truths of Revelation and those derived from the light of nature, and originally implanted in the human breast, that so well were understood and so faithfully were observed the compacts and obligations entered into on both sides, that no complaints of bad faith or of violence were ever known to have been made either on the part of the Indians or the Quakers—so that Voltaire, in alluding to the circumstance, is led to make the sarcastic remark, that this Treaty was the only one ever ratified without an oath; and the only one that was never violated. “Lo! the poor Indian!” his valor and native virtue—his intelligence, and, above all, his fallen and defenceless condition, all conspire to recommend him to our respect and tender humanity. Statesmen and Rulers should ever bear in mind, that the fatal seeds of fraud, of force and injustice, if allowed to take root amidst the cemented foundations of Empires, flourish but to destroy; and by their growth weaken and disjoint the fabric, however firmly its base may have been laid. The penalties that await the evil deeds of a nation, are not like the judgments due to individual crime, deferred to an after reckoning:—

The Theologian profound,* has truly taught
That on the crimes of nations, Heaven has brought
In every age unstaying vengeance down:
That not as nations now kind will be known
At the last day before the Eternal throne:
That tho' the villain, the oppressor, may
Glimmer thro' life in fortune's brightest ray,
Preserved for after vengeance on the path
Of nations Heaven sends or throws in wrath,
As good or evil mingle in each deed;
A temporal award to their career decreed;
Hence, Troy beheld her God-built towers fail;
Nor prowess'd Hosts, nor Hector's sword avail:
Hence, Rome, in empire rivalling the sun,
Her mighty race of crime and conquest run,
“Has left the name at which the world grew pale,
“To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

* Warburton.

Having thus endeavoured to point out some of the circumstances which have contributed to frustrate the attempts of our Government to improve the condition of the Indians, we will now proceed to indicate another cause of the continued failure of these attempts—in the hope that the attention of our Rulers may be roused towards the subject, and that they may be induced to enter upon a reform of the gross and numerous abuses which have gradually crept into the administration of the Indian department. The principles of free trade and unshackled industry, are certainly as applicable to a savage as to a civilized people; and while therefore we continue to trammel the little commerce we have with the Indians, by vexatious and oppressive regulations, we cannot be surprised at the result daily exhibited to our eyes; or reasonably wonder at the slow progress they make in civilization and improvement. By the present regulations of the Indian trade, these people are prohibited from dealing with any other than certain licenced Store-Keepers, who derive their privilege from the Agent, and are under his immediate superintendence and control. The Agent, as might be expected, is in most instances secretly connected with these establishments, and a sharer in their profits; which, as is usually the case where an exclusive monopoly is enjoyed, are such as to render certain of these Agencies the most lucrative situations in the gift of the Government. What encouragement then have the Indians to engage in Agriculture, when they are thus not only precluded from seeking the most profitable markets for their produce, but are compelled to vend it to those who have the power of both regulating the prices at which they receive it, and the terms on which they sell to them in return. We readily condemn the absurdity of the course attempted by the despotic Pacha of Egypt, who would compel his subjects to dispose of their Cotton to him at prices dictated by himself, and yet seem to expect that Agriculture will flourish among the Indians under regulations that place them completely in the power of those they deal with,

and leave them to the mercy of persons who are literally licenced to defraud and impose upon them to an indefinite extent. The Indian is by no means ignorant of cultivation, and is sufficiently acquainted with the raising of corn and other provisions, to engage at once in Agriculture; and there is no doubt that he would willingly do so, were we only as ready on our part to encourage his enterprise and reward his industry. In illustration of this opinion, we would call attention to the following facts detailed by Dr. Mitchell, of New-York, in his Eulogium upon Mr. Jefferson, as a promoter of natural and physical science. He states, that, "great quantities of lead are extracted from the mines west of the Mississippi, for the supply of the Western States and Atlantic region, by exportation through New-Orleans." "It is affirmed," he continues, "that the working of this mineral has wrought a remarkable change in the habits of the Indians around the *Prarie du Chien*. As the wild animals became scarce, these aboriginal tribes grew poor and necessitous. But they at length discovered, that lead would purchase for them at the factories, blankets, vermilion, and other things, quite as well as furs or skins. At first they carried the crude ore to the traders, but these men to save the trouble and expense of melting out the metal, refused to receive the galena in payment, and thereby compelled the natives to reduce it. Thus by a sudden and singular transition, hunters were converted into metallurgists."

Such facts serve to show, that if sufficient pecuniary inducements were held out to the Indians, they might easily be led to engage in any civilized pursuit to which we might choose to direct their attention; and they would with more readiness adopt that of Agriculture than any other—as they are already sufficiently acquainted with its ordinary processes; and are in the habit of relying upon it as a means of subsistence. It is in vain that we establish schools among them, at a great expense, and furnish them gratis with implements of husbandry, when we do not by these means at all

promote their immediate interests, or better enable them to support their families, and supply them with the articles which they stand in constant and urgent need of. It is true, that by agriculture they could raise enough to subsist upon; but like ourselves they look to something more than the securing of a bare subsistence—and are naturally desirous of engaging in traffic, and of obtaining the means of purchasing strouds, tobacco, ammunition, ornaments and other articles in esteem and use among them. This they cannot do by raising crops at a distance from market, and which they are precluded from disposing of to a fair advantage, as they at present are, under the existing regulations of the Indian trade. An entire modification then of these regulations is, we humbly think, the first step towards bettering the condition of the Indians, and promoting their civilization and improvement. We venture to recommend the policy of throwing open this trade to all competitors, with this only restriction, that it shall be carried on within the limits of the Indian territories—as, under present circumstances, these people could not with safety be permitted to wander at liberty beyond their defined boundaries. We would further suggest, that the Government might with advantage open and establish a regular traffic with them, in those articles or agricultural staples which it is proved that they can raise to the most advantage. This might easily be done, by making arrangements for purchasing from them, for the supply of such of our military posts as are in the immediate neighbourhood of their settlements, or within touching distance of them—whatever surplus provisions they may raise—paying them a fair price and strictly adhering to justice and punctuality in our dealings with them. We are persuaded that a saving even, to the Government might be effected in this way, as the Indians, if paid in hard money, would be induced to part with their products at a more reasonable rate, than they could be obtained for from others. Were a policy of this kind adopted and steadily pursued, we are persuaded that the In-

dians could without difficulty be brought to abandon the chase and devote themselves to agriculture, and that the noble and magnificent philanthropy which our government has always displayed towards them, would at last be rewarded by their becoming our friends instead of continuing our secret enemies—by having them as useful neighbours instead of an opprobrium to us, and an endlessly expensive burden upon the Government.

THE STREAMLET.

If thou would'st revel in the free-born flow,
That speaks the spirit in his works abroad;
Go, forth in silence, where yon rivulet's flow,
Sends up its pebbly music, to the nod
Of the old pines above it—they will bring
Much sweet reflection, with the lay I sing.

II.

My father led me there when I was young,
And did remark upon it, till I grew
Attentive—and my little, artless tongue,
Claim'd, from his knowledge, every thing it knew;
'T was then as small a stream, as 'tis this morn
And it had been thus small, ere he was born.

III.

He had pick'd yellow pebbles from its bed,
To fling in absent pleasure around;
And many were the times, I think he said,
When he did o'er its narrow streamlet bound—
Then he grew up to manhood—then became
Aged—yet was this little brook the same.

IV.

And I, a boy, am sport'ng now beside
Its green and pleasant border—and I hear,
As I do hearken in my boyish pride,
Murmurs of pleasant things, salute my ear;
Inviting Hope, with sweet assurance, bears
A warm-eyed spring to usher in the years.

V.

Yet, let me pause awhile—methinks, I feel,
As if I were a listener to the spell,
Of one, whose voice is power—upon me steal,
Like mountain spirits in the bosky dell,
On the benighted traveller—led astray,
By unkind elements, upon his way.

VI.

I know not why I tremble, and am still—
There is a mystery upon the air,
'Neath which my spirit quails, even as a rill
When leaves disturb the sleeping waters near;
My feet are spell-bound—yet how sweet's the charm—
Inviting, tho' it fills me with alarm.

VII.

The streamlet's ripoles are familiar sounds—
Methinks they murmur to a mortal tone,—
And now they utter words—and silence rounds
The enchanted circle, and my breath is gone;
I hear it—fine, melodious, sweetly clear—
My heart receives the music, not my ear!

VIII.

"I have been when thy father dream'd of thee—
 I shall be when thou dreamest of thy child—
 Thy children shall be listeners to me,
 Whose tones so oft thy father's feet beguil'd ;
 I am thy guardian—I have quench'd thy thirst,
 I have seen with thy parents from the first."

IX.

When thou shalt be forgotten, I shall be—
 And to the race that shall succeed thee on,
 I shall repeat the tale, I tell to thee,
 And like young lovers shall they all be won,
 To the deep covert of the woods, and night
 Shall be their only company, still light.

X.

Go forth, young boy, and pleasant be thy years—
 Forget not the sweet music which I bring ;
 Nor, when returning time shall dim with tears,
 Let thy now laughing eyes desert this spring ;
 'Twill be my task, however care may press
 To bring thy worn heart back to childhood's happier dress.

XI.

Look on my waters, when thy heart is sad—
 Lie on my banks when sorrow seeks for thee ;
 My song shall bid thy heart once more be glad,
 As the young day when first thou spok'st with me ;
 Mine is the stream that doth forever roll,
 Memory's my name, my waters feed the soul.

XII.

I keep the hearts of men—fly to me then
 Howe'er estranged, even from thy self, thou be,
 Desert the homes, the habitudes of men,
 And call upon my waves, and thou shalt see,
 The very face thou wearest—the sweet chime,
 And all the music of thy morning's prime.

AMANO.

MOONLIGHT.

I dare not sleep. In such a night—
 When earth is robed in heavenly light,
 I feel that spirits take their flight,
 And, as they say,
 Are seen on mountain dell and height,
 In sportive play.

Perchance among them I may trace,
 Some early well remembered grace—
 That brings to mind some happy face,
 Of childhood's hours,
 When in some wild secluded place,
 We sought for flow'rs.

Ah ! me, could spirits thus descend,
 And with the world they fled from blend,
 How might the unhappy find a friend—
 However lone,
 That might the shel'ring arm extend,
 We once have known.

There is a spirit in yon single star,
 How beautiful it shines, and with intenser glow—
 That makes more beautiful the world below,
 Invites me from afar,
 Where malice cannot frown—where envy dare not —

THE DEAD LOVER.

ALBERT HOLSTEIN was a student in the University of —, at the period when our tale commences. He was now eighteen years of age, and had been until his sixteenth year, under the tutorship and protection of a fond and misjudging mother. His father had fallen upon the field of —, and her son, the only heir of his princely dominions, was ruined with indulgence. After the usual preparation he was admitted into the University above named, where he soon had occasion to test the propriety of that course of education to which he had been so unwisely subjected. It will not be our object however to analyse the impressions of his mind under the new changes in his condition; affecting as they must have done the whole structure of his early habits and pruning as it were, the dead branches of excess, into a new and fresh capacity of life.

It was on a pleasant evening in June that a family party were assembled in the gardens of D'Arlemont. Albert had been expected by the company, but none looked forward so anxiously towards his arrival as the lovely and amiable Anastasia D'Arlemont. This young lady, while she held an unlimited sway over the bosom of the young student, acknowledged in his graceful person and pleasant habit an equal influence. They had just began to feel the force of the sentiments they so mutually entertained for each other; and their eyes had opened upon the strength of that attachment, which was destined to prove so fatal to both. A few evenings before and the state of their hearts had become fully revealed. And this evening the desire of Anastasia to behold her love could only be equalled by the reciprocity of anticipation which possessed him. She had waited long and anxiously and still he came not—She had bent her dark eye along the flowery grove he was accustomed to enter—no lover met the penetrating wishes of her eye, and she was despairing of enjoying the luxuries of the looks and glances so well understood

by and so dear to lovers. when a rustling in the neighbouring walk and a deep and hollow groan, attracted their attention—lights were brought—and in a state bordering on insanity, the young, but unhappy Anastasia, beheld the scarcely less young form of her lover, bleeding before her. A stiletto still remained in his breast, which had penetrated to such a depth as left them little hopes of his recovery. He did not recover, but in six hours breathed his last, exclaiming in his dying moments—“Beware of me, Beware of me.” The unhappy girl was taken from him in a state bordering on insensibility to her chamber, while some physicians employed to inspect the body found, in the course of six hours, the wound perfectly cicatrized and healed, leaving a scar of some years old in appearance. But life had departed. The dagger was preserved in the hope of some day discovering the assassin.

The body of the student was conveyed to the castle of his fathers in the country, and thus terminated the last of the House of Holstein.

About a month after this event, when the tumult of grief had somewhat subsided in the breasts of those most nearly affected, Anastasia D'Arlemont discovered beneath her window the faint tones of a flute, ascending from a direction in which her lover used to exhibit his affection in his evening serenade. The same notes, manner, and to her greater astonishment, the very words he had so often repeated in the same situation. Her heart throbbed strangely, and she felt a sudden and unaccountable awe, such as she had never apprehended before. It became insupportable, and she retired to the room of her mother, where she remained for some time, until the feeling of melancholy and tear which this circumstance had created, was removed: when she returned to her chamber, and the sounds were heard no more for that night. As she retired however a few nights after, the same wild melancholy air fell upon her senses—with an increased, and if we may be permitted the expression, a warmer melancholy. It was irresistible—

she gently undid the lattice, and discovered retiring among the trees of the garden, a figure so nearly resembling her departed lover, that she involuntarily uttered his name. A sigh was the only answer—but so mournful and sad, that her sorrow burst forth anew. The figure had gone, and was seen no more that evening. As the hour of midnight drew near, she looked forth and listened and hoped and trembled as the breeze rustling among the branches of the old trees, induced her to believe that her visitor was near. In vain—He came not. Night after night for a week, did the hapless, and pining maiden, watch at her lattice as the midnight hour drew near, without his appearance. At length, when she began to conclude that he would not again return and when she had compelled herself to believe that her imagination had already deceived her beyond the truth, she heard a faint murmur of song, genile as the wing of departed spirit, softly ascending the breeze. It grew more distinct—more full—more natural and full of life and she deliriously called upon the name of her lover. In a few moments he was by her side. Fair and manly and full of life and exhilarance as in the hour of their meeting. She was startled—she trembled—there was an awe, a devotion mingling with her love, that arose from the belief that she was at that time in the presence of the dead. His eyes were sad and mournful—there was a divinity of woe within them, that required a mingling of love, pity and homage from her heart!—could she withhold it. She did not. How tender were his tones. With what a voice did he assure her of his existence. He had been restored by the skill of the family physician of his mother—and had left the castle of his parentage against the will of his attendants, to behold the idol of his heart. There was a something so flattering and full of love in this indiscretion, that she could not blame him. She uttered no reproach, but gave herself up to tenderness and joy. All he required of her was perfect secrecy. He wished no one to know that he was in the neighbourhood of D'Arlemont and she as-

sented. Night after night were his visits repeated ; and the joy of the lovers increased with the impatience with which they watched (to them) the slow progress of morning to night again. Their meetings were continued without interval every night for some months, in the mean-while a knight of high birth and gallant family, appeared at the castle of D'Arlemont. He was remotely connected with the family and now sought to renew a former intimacy. Count Wallenburg was well known among the German Chivalry. Honorable, high-minded, generous and brave, there were but few qualities necessary to the perfection of knowledge that this gentleman did not possess. Was it to be wondered at that he should admire the fair Anastasia, or that admiring her, he should be unacceptable to her family. His proposals were made and by her parents, (the only arbiters on the subject among the wealthy) favorably received. The anguish of the maiden was excruciating—in vain did she urge her lover to a disclosure of the fact of his existence—he inflexibly refused—assuring her that she should be the bride of none other than him—on this promise she relied.

At length, the evening appointed for the marriage arrived. The company had assembled in the chapel of the castle. There were aunts and uncles and cousins, and friends, and the whole world of friendly elements so liberally furnished by all such occasions. The bridegroom became impatient and a messenger was sent to conduct the bride to the altar. Some little while elapsed when the servant returned, informing the company that no answer, could be obtained from the bridal chamber, whatsoever. The bridegroom anxiously repaired to the room in which the bride had been making the usual preparations. It was fastened. After repeated efforts to obtain an answer from within, proper instruments were brought to force the door. It was done. The room was empty—and in an agony of despair the bridegroom, father and relations sallied forth after the maiden. The sky became suddenly dark and clouded.

Bright and vivid flashes of lightning added to, while they illuminated the gloom; and to all appearance a frightful storm was about to ensue. Suddenly the sky became clear, the moon shone forth in purity. Not a speck remained to darken the firmament. Encouraged by this change the knight who was to have married, and the father of the young maiden with their friends and retainers continued to proceed. A soft and gentle strain of melody seemed to embody itself with the winds. They followed the sounds until they came to a dark and gloomy enclosure thickly closed in with high and over-arching trees, knit with fine brushwood and undergrowth—it was scorched and blackened. They advanced—the music arose more full and penetrating. They followed the sound and beheld a putrid and loathsome corpse, seamed and blackened by the fury of the thunderbolt—disfigured and maimed, they recognized it as the body of the dead Albert—there was an awful and horrid darkness about his eyes, which were fixed in a ghastly and hellish stare—while a black mist arose from the body—near it was a hand and arm which the hapless father recognized as his daughter's—the fiend had triumphed in the garb of the early lover and the unhappy maiden was thus deceived into dishonor and destruction.

HEAD-ACHE

Watch by me, love—forgive me if I bring
The blush into your cheek, by my rude praise,
But when you are about me, and your hand
Puts back my hair and chafes my throbbing brow—
When in my chamber, like a visitant
Of mercy, sent from heaven, to soothe away
The harsh severities of punishment;
I've often thought your gentle sex were sent,
As ministers of kindness, down to man—
Ye have such winning, soothing ways about ye.

This head, although it aches most painfully,
Is full of pleasure to me—for it brings
Your hand, to soothe its pulses mad'ning play;—
Now, that will do—and now your lips, my love—
—I wish this ache would come again morrow.

THE CRIMINAL, FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

IN the whole history of man, no chapter is more instructive to the heart and mind, than the annals of error. With every great crime there is co-operating a proportionally great power. If the secret sports of desire are easily revealed by the feebler light of common emotions, they become the more prominent, enormous and turbulent, in the state of powerful passion. The more refined Anthropologist who knows how much we may properly reckon upon the mechanism of the common power of volition, and how far it may be permitted to draw analogical conclusions, will readily transfer from history some experience to his psychology, and turn it to the advantage of moral life. The human heart is something so uniform, yet so irregular, that one and the same passion can play in a thousand forms—can produce a thousand contradictory phenomena, otherwise mixed, and a thousand dissimilar characters, may be spun from the same inclination, notwithstanding the man in question may least of all presume that any such relation exists. Should a Linnæus arise for the human race, as the former did for the empires of nature, who might class according to instincts, how much should we be surprised to find some individual, whose vices are now suppressed in the contracted sphere of civil life, in one and the same class with the monster Borgia.

Considered in this view, there is much to object to in the common management of history ; and here I presume lies the reason why its study has always remained so fruitless for the purposes of civil life. There exists between the violent temper of the actor and the quiet disposition of the reader to whom this emotion is exhibited, so great a contrast, so large an interval, that it is difficult, aye, impossible for the latter even to presume any harmony. There remains a long space between the historical subject and the reader, which destroys all possibility of comparison or application, and instead of arousing a salutary horror to warn the security of innocence, only excites a transient feeling of

astonishment. We consider the wretch, though a man like ourselves, while committing the crime, and when suffering for it, as some creature of a strange kind, whose blood circulates differently from our own, and whose will obeys other rules than ours; we are but little excited by his fate, for emotion is founded only on a confused knowledge of similar danger, and we are too far remote even to dream of any similarity. The instruction is lost with the reference; and history instead of being a school of improvement, must be satisfied with the paltry merit of gratifying an idle curiosity. Should we acquire more, and desire to attain our great purpose, we must necessarily choose between these two methods—*either the reader must become as warm as the hero, or the hero as cold as the reader.*

I know that some of the best historiographers have chosen the former method, and seduced the hearts of their readers by their charming elocution. But this manner is an usurpation of the author, and offends the republican liberty of the reader, who is entitled to keep his court alone; it is in the mean time a violation of a limited right, for this method belongs exclusively and peculiarly to the speaker and poet, for the historiographer is only the latter. The hero must become as cold as the reader, or what is the same, he must become acquainted with him before he acts; he must see him not only performing, but thinking his exploits. His thoughts concern us more than his actions, and the sources of those thoughts more than the effects of those actions. We examine the foundation of Vesuvius to explain the origin of its explosion—why do we pay less attention to moral, than physical phenomena? Why do we not reflect in the same degree upon the nature and situation of the circumstances which surrounded such a man, until the gathered tinder of his soul caught fire? The fanatic who is pleased with miracles is ever charmed by the unfrequency and adventuresomeness of such an appearance—the friend of truth seeks a mother for these lost children. He seeks her as the

prime cause in the unchangeable structure of the human soul, and in the changeable lights which determined them from without, and no doubt he finds her in both. He is no more surprized to see in the same bed the poisonous hemlock thrive, where salutary herbs are blooming, than to find together in one cradle wisdom and folly, virtue and vice. Although I put to this account none of the advantages which psychology could draw from such a management of history, still it has even therefore the advantage of destroying the cruel scorn and the proud safety with which untempted, upright virtue usually looks down upon fallen morals; of extending the gracious spirit of tolerance, without which no deserter returns, no reconciliation between the law and its offender exists, no infected member of society can be saved from entire pollution.

Had the delinquent of whom I am going to speak, any right to appeal to that spirit of tolerance? Was he not in fact hopelessly lost to the body of the state? I will not anticipate the sentence of the reader. Our tenderness is of no more use to him, for he died by the hand of the executioner—but the analysis of his vices instructs humanity, and—possibly, even Justice *herself*!

CHRISTIAN WOLF was the son of an innkeeper in—a country town—the name of which must be concealed for reasons which will be hereafter manifest. He assisted his mother, his father being dead, until his twentieth year in managing the house. The business of the Inn was small, and Wolf had many idle hours. He was even while at school known as a vicious boy. Girls of ripe years complained of his impudence, and the idle mischievous boys of the little town did homage to his inventive mind. Nature seemed to have neglected the formation of his body. A small insignificant figure, curled hair of an unpleasant blackness, a flat nose, and a swollen upper lip that had been sadly deformed by a kick from a horse, gave a disgusting expression to his appearance, at the very sight of which women recoiled with fright, while it afforded his comrades abundant

provision for their wit and ridicule. He endeavoured to obtain by obstinate force whatever was refused him; he proposed by his actions to please because his figure displeased. He was sensual and persuaded himself that he loved. The girl whom he chose ill treated him, and he had cause to fear that his rival would be more successful; but the girl was poor and he thought that a heart which remained closed to his protestations might perhaps be open to his presents; but he was himself oppressed by indigence, and the vain attempt to give value to his exterior, swallowed the little he had acquired by badly managing his household affairs. Too lazy and too ignorant to improve his unsettled economy by speculation; too proud and too feeble to exchange the state of being of a master for that of a peasant, and to renounce his idolized liberty—he saw for his subsistence but one expedient—what thousands before and after him with better success have attempted—the expedient was, “*to steal honestly.*” His native town bordered on the forest of a noble lord—he became a poacher upon these estates for any thing that came in his way; and the income of his robbery was faithfully given into the hands of his sweetheart.

Among the lovers of Annette, was Robert, the forester's servant in hunting. He remarked very soon the advantage which the liberality of his rival gained over him, and he examined enviously into the sources of this prosperity. He was more frequently at the sign of the “sun.” His lurking eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, discovered from what source this money was derived. Not long before, a strict edict had been published against poachers, which condemned the violator to the house of correction. Robert was indefatigable in stealing upon the secret walks of his enemy; at last he succeeded in taking the imprudent youth in the very act. Wolf was imprisoned, and with difficulty succeeded by sacrificing all his little fortune, in commuting the adjudged punishment to a fine.

Robert triumphed—his rival was beaten from the field, and Annette's favour for the beggar was lost. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy was the happy possessor of Annette. A pressing feeling of indigence associated itself with offended pride; need and jealousy united, stormed upon his sensibility; hunger chased him into the wide world; revenge and passion chained him to the spot. He became a second time a poacher; and a second time Robert's vigilance detected him. Now he felt the rigor of the law, for he had nothing more to give. The year of correction had terminated; his passion had grown by confinement, and his malice increased under misfortune. Scarcely had he obtained his liberty when he hastened to his native place. He appeared—his Annette fled from him. Urgent need at last conquered his pride and debility, and he offered himself to the rich people of the place willingly, to serve for daily pay. The peasant shrugged his shoulders at the sight of the weak tenderling; the compact construction of his strong competitor supplanted him with his patron. One post was yet vacant, the last resort of an honest reputation—he sued for the place of herdsman of the small town, but the peasant was not willing to confide his herds to a *villain*. Disappointed in his projects, rejected by all, he became for the third time a poacher, and a third time he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of his vigilant enemy. The double relapse aggravated his guilt. The judges looked into the code, but not to the disposition of mind of the criminal. The mandate against the poachers required a solemn and exemplary satisfaction, and Wolf was condemned to work three years in the fortress, branded with a gibbet upon his back.

This period also passed away, and he went from the fortress—but other than when he went thither. Here begins a new era in his life, let us hear himself, as he afterwards confessed before the clergyman and the court. "I entered the fortress", said he, "as a transgressor, and quitted it as a vagrant. I had yet something in the

world that was dear to me, and my pride withered under the shame. When carried to the fortress I was confined with twenty three other prisoners, of whom, two were murderers, and all the rest notorious thieves. They reviled me when I spoke of God, and urged me to utter infamous blasphemies against him. They sung to me obscene songs, to which, lewd as I was, I would not listen without disgust and horror; and their actions offended even my modesty. No day passed without some baseness being committed, or some schemes contrived. In the beginning, I avoided, and concealed myself from them as much as possible; but I wanted a companion, and my warders refused me even my dog. The labour was hard and painful, my body sickly; I wanted assistance, and to tell the truth, I wanted compassion, and for that I was obliged to barter the last remnant of my conscience. I at last became accustomed to the most abominable scenes, and in the last quarter, I even surpassed my companions. From this time I panted for the day of my liberation, as for my revenge. I was offended with all mankind, for they were all better and happier than I. I considered myself deprived of my natural rights, and a sacrifice to the laws. I rubbed my fetters and gnashed my teeth when the sun rose from behind the mountain upon which my fortress was situated; a wide prospect is a double hell for a prisoner. The free winds that whistled through the air holes of my tower, and the swallow that sat down upon the iron bars of my prison, mocked me with their liberty, and rendered my confinement the more horrible. At that time I vowed irreconcilable hatred to all that resembled man, and I faithfully kept my vow. My first thought when I received my freedom, was my native town. As little as I hoped to find there my future subsistence, just so much did I there expect to gratify my hunger for revenge. My heart beat wilder, when at a distance the church-tower appeared through the grove. It was no more the sincere comfort which I experienced returning from my first pilgrimage. The remembr-

ance of all the persecutions that I there endured, were suddenly awakened from a horrible slumber; all wounds again bled, all scars were opened; I redoubled my steps, for it joyed me to put my enemies in fright by my appearance, and I now thirsted for new humiliation, as I formally trembled at it. The bells rung to vespers when I stood in the market place. The people crowded to church. They knew me instantly; every one who met me started back with horror. I was always fond of children and it involuntarily overpowered me when I offered a cent to a boy who was jumping by me. He looked at me a moment, and threw the money in my face. Had my blood been a little more quiet, I should have remembered, that the long beard which I carried with me disfigured my features; but the wickedness of my heart had infected my reason. Tears which I never shed before, bedewed my cheeks. The boy does not know me, nor whence I came, said I to myself—and yet he avoids me as some filthy animal. Am I somewhere marked on the forehead, or do I no more resemble humanity, as I feel that I can no more love a human form. The treatment of this boy gave me more pain than the three years imprisonment. I sat down on a tree opposite the church; what I wished, I do not know; but I yet remember that I arose with indignation when none of all my passing acquaintances vouchsafed me a salutation. In anger, I left my station for an Inn; turning the corner of a street, I met Annette—"landlord of the sun"—cried she aloud—and made a motion to embrace, "are you again here dear 'sun!' Heaven be thanked that you have returned again!"—Her apparel bespoke misery; a loathsome sickness was manifest in her face; her appearance announced the most reprobate of the class to which she had degraded herself. I soon guessed her history. Some Dragoons whom I just met made me conjecture, that a garrison was quartered in this town. "A soldier's wench"—said I—and turned my back upon her. It was some comfort for me, to see one crea-

ture yet below me among the living. I never loved her. My mother was dead. My creditors had paid themselves with my property. I had neither friends nor home. All men fled me as infectious; but I had long ceased to feel shame. Formerly I withdrew myself from the sight of men, because contempt was intolerable to me; now I obtruded myself, savagely upon them. I felt comfortable because I had nothing more to lose, and little to fear. I no longer wished for good qualities, because men looked for none in me. The whole world was before me. I might, perhaps, have passed in a foreign province for an honest man, but I had lost all courage, even to appear so. Despair and shame at last pressed upon me this course of thinking. The expedient that remained for me was, *to learn to live without honor*. Had my vanity and pride survived to witness my abasement, I must have killed myself. What course I should resolve upon, was yet unknown to me. I wished to do evil—so much I darkly remember. I wished to deserve my fate; the laws thought I, are benefits for the world; therefore I resolved to violate them. Formerly, I had sinned from necessity and fickleness; now, I did it for my pleasure. The first, was, that I continued poaching. Hunting by degrees became a ruling passion; besides, I wanted to live. But this was not the only thing; it pleased me to scorn the princely idiot, and to injure my liege by all the means in my power. To be seized, I no longer feared, I had now a ball ready for my pursuer, and I felt that my aim would not fail. I killed all the game I met; part I turned into cash on the frontiers, the rest I left to rot. I lived sparingly, that I might afford only the expence of powder and shot.

This way of life I led for some time. I had one morning fatigued myself by running through the wood in pursuit of a stag for two hours in vain, and already began to give up my prey, when I discovered it suddenly within shooting distance. I was about to discharge, when I was startled at the sight of a hat which

lay a few steps before me on the ground. I looked more closely and beheld the hunter Robert, who from behind the trunk of an oak was aiming at the deer I was preparing to shoot. At this sight a deadly coldness passed through my bones. This was he, whom of living beings I hated the most; and this man was within the reach of my gun. At this moment I felt as if the world was within the reach of my vengeance, and the hatred of my whole life concentrated in the single finger-point with which I might make the discharge. An invisible dreadful hand waved over me; the index of my fate pointed irrevocably upon the black moment. My arms trembled, allowing to my gun the horrible choice—my teeth chattered as with an ague, and the breath stopped almost suffocating in my lungs. The barrel of my gun balanced for a moment between the man and the stag—one moment—and yet one—revenge and conscience wrestled capriciously, but revenge triumphed, and the hunter lay dead on the ground. My weapon fell with the shot—"murderer!" I stammered. The forest was still as a church-yard. I plainly heard that I said "*murderer*." I stood speechless before the corpse; at length a loud laughter gave me free breath. "Will you keep a close mouth now, good friend?" said I, and boldly approached, turning in the mean time his face outward. The eyes stood wide open. I began to feel very strangely. Until now I was wicked on account of my shame; now something had happened for which I had not yet done expiation. One hour before, I believe no body would have persuaded me, that there was any thing worse than myself under heaven; now I began to feel that I was one hour before even enviable. Divine judgment did not come into my mind. I had only a confused recollection of the halter and sword, and the execution of an infanticide which I saw when a boy. There was something particularly dreadful for me in my thoughts that my life must be from this time forfeited. I do not remember any more. I wished soon after that he were

alive. I endeavoured to recollect all the evil which the deceased had caused me in life, but strange—my memory was extinct. I could call forth nothing of all that which had put me a quarter of an hour before into such a rage. I could not conceive, how I came to commit the crime. While I was yet lingering by the corpse, the rattle of wagons passing through the road restored me to my senses. It was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the main road where the deed happened. I had to think on my safety. I wandered deeper into the forest; but recollecting that Robert formerly possessed a watch, and I wanted money to reach the frontiers, and still I wanted courage to return to the spot where the body was lying. I thought on the devil and on the omnipresence of God—I was alarmed. I collected all my courage, and resolved to make head against all hell, and returned to the place. I found what I expected, and in a green purse a little more than a dollar in cash. While taking these I suddenly stopped and meditated. It was no fit of shame, nor any fear of augmenting my crime by the plunder, but a feeling of scorn that caused me to throw away the watch and retain only the half of the money. I wished to be taken for a personal enemy of the deceased—not his robber. I now fled to the interior of the forest. I knew that the wood extended northwardly four German miles, and its border was there contiguous to the country. I ran on until late dinner time. The speed of my flight had dissipated my remorse, but it returned when my strength became more and more exhausted. A thousand figures passed before me, and tortured me like sharp knives thrust into my breast. I had only a horrible choice between a life full of disquiet, fear of death, and suicide. I had no courage to waver from the world by suicide; yet shrank from the thought of living longer. Thus faltering between the certain torments of life, and the uncertain horrors of eternity, equally unable to live or to die, I passed the sixth hour of my flight—an hour abundantly crowded with

torments, such as no living man can relate. While occupied with myself, my hat gradually slipped over my face, as if this could have rendered me unknown to the eye of nature; I had continued my way through a narrow foot-path, which led me into the darkest thicket, when suddenly a rough voice before bade me "hold!" The voice was near, my distraction and the situation of my hat had prevented me from looking around. I looked up and saw approaching a man who bore a large knotty club. The figure was gigantic—at least my first perplexity made me believe so; and the colour of his skin was of a yellow blackness, from which horridly glared the white of his squinting eyes. He had instead of a girth, a thick rope twisted about a yellow woollen coat in which was stuck a broad butcher knife and pistol. The call was repeated, and a strong arm clenched me fast. The sight of an honest man would have excited horror; but the look of a villain gave me courage. In my present situation I had every reason to fear the former but none to tremble at the sight of the latter.

(To be continued.)

THE SPRING.

The Spring hath many garments;
And puts her colours on;
And pearls of dewy Morning
She brings to meet the Sun—
And, deck'd with many flowers,
She dances with the Hours.

How soon the dance is over—
How soon the day is done—
And worn with weary sadness,
Slow sinks the evening sun;
One parting glance he gives her,
And all his wealth he leaves her.

MARY.

ANALOGY BETWEEN POETRY AND PAINTING.

(Part the First.)

THE opinion has been more than once expressed, both by writers and artists, and appears still to maintain its ground, that painting is entitled to higher honours than its sister art of poetry; and that, however men may deceive themselves, or be led astray by false associations, a fine painting will affect more, and appeal more universally to the sensibilities of the mind, than a fine poem.* That the associations awakened in the imagination, and the impressions made upon the heart by the exhibitions of the canvass, are of a less vivid and affecting kind than those which are brought into play by the pages of the poet, is a position which, after all, it will be difficult to confute. For the difference in the degree and nature of these emotions, we shall attempt thus to account. Painting, from being, in the strictest sense of the word, an *art*, necessarily adheres to rule; while poetry, which may as strictly be said to be a *feeling*, yields to the guidance of natural impulses. The former presents an optical fairy land to delight the sense, the latter portrays a living image, upon whose lineaments the heart dwells with an intense, and never to-be-exhausted feeling. The eye of the genius of painting may be radiant with the light of "thoughts that breathe," but the lips of the muse of poetry glow with the utterance of "words that burn." The pencil deals in contrasts of light and shade, the magic of hues, and the grace of repose; the pen speaks a language whose direct appeal is to the heart—its breath is passion, and its words are fire. The operations of painting, like

* For an elaborate argument in support of this opinion, see "Rhymes on Art," by M. A. Shee. Not only painting has been ranked above poetry, but music is considered, by a late writer, (Edinburgh Review on Alison's Essay on Taste,) as exercising a far more powerful effect upon the mind, from the circumstance of its being more vague and indeterminate than poetry. It is instrumental music of which the writer speaks, which, he says, is distinguished from poetry by its "vagueness and uncertainty." This, however, is claiming no superiority for instrumental music over poetry. It is this very circumstance of poetry being more "fixed, limited and precise," which establishes its superiority over music of all kind. The most beautiful air, in vocal music, taken apart from the words, is calculated to make about as lasting an impression as a beautiful face devoid of meaning.

those of medicine, are predicated, in a great measure, alike upon hypothesis and precedent—with this difference, which is an advantage, that they have more of positive rule to guide themselves by than the latter. The painter may have an eye for the beauties of nature, the poet must have a mind for the mysteries of man. When compared, the former may be said to be all eye—the latter all mind. The one embodies observation, the experience of the senses—the other draws from internal resources, the experience of the intellect. Garrick studied the faces, Shakspeare the hearts of men. The one was a physical, the other a moral painter. There is, perhaps, a closer affinity, or consanguinity, between the histrionic art and that of painting, than there is between poetry and the latter. The actor and the painter affect us alike through the medium of the senses, whereas the poet addresses his high and impassioned language to the immediate affections of the soul. Admitting, for a moment, that the object of the poet and the painter be the same, yet if it be made to appear that the means employed by the latter in the attainment of this end, are different from those made use of by the former, the question then follows, which of the two kinds of agency requires the most *positive* talent, or do they both demand the same degree and species of intellectual power? The means made use of by the poet and the painter are different, supposing their end to be one and the same. Like the operative surgeon, described by Celsus, the painter “must not be too old, his hand must not shake, he must be ambidexter, and his sight must be clear and penetrating.” Many are the extrinsic graces of the painter’s canvass, while those of the poet’s page are exclusively reflected from the mind. Versification, which may be termed the colouring of poetry, and is one of its *criteria*, is yet but a tone of the complicated harmony of the poet’s soul; his more genuine contrast of light and shade, consists in the beauty of his thoughts—his illustrations, which frequently exhaust both nature and art—and his associations,

which are usually blended with those presentiments of the future, and that "longing after immortality," which impart to poetry a peculiar influence over "one of our most prevalent dispositions," as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks, "anxiety for the future."* The appeals of the painter are, perhaps, more universal than those of the poet—that is, there are ten capable of relishing the excellencies of an execution in painting, to one who is qualified to judge of the merits, or susceptible to the beauties of a fine poem. The charms of the latter may be said to be latent, and require therefore to be elicited, while the glaring adornments of the former obtrude themselves, as it were, upon the senses. The rose, which may be regarded as one of the inspirations of the muse, is, at the same time, the emblem of secrecy; and the veins of the modest violet are far more exquisitely wrought than the broad and waving outlines of the unblushing sun-flower. Most persons have an eye for the beautiful colours of the rainbow, while there are few perhaps, who could relish a description of them in poetry; and the canvass is but a reflection of the features and colouring of nature. The "winged words" of the poet place an image more vividly before the fancy, and appeal more immediately and forcibly to the feelings, than the silent eloquence of the painter's tablet. In the latter, more is left to be *understood* than is necessary to aid the ardent operations of the imagination; and the fact, that even the most masterly executions of the pencil do not strike home to the sympathies with that force and intensity with which they are wrung by the inspirations of the pen—proves, we think, that the operations of the latter are the energies of a principle more deeply seated in the soul of the poet than the painter, more gloriously wrought, and forcibly constituted *a priori*; and, consequently, that the agencies of this *pri-*

* This wise and enlightened artist, in his Eighth Discourse, delivered at the Royal Academy, himself admits, that "poetry having a more extensive power than painting exerts its influence over all the passions; and among these may be reckoned one of our most prevalent dispositions—anxiety for the future." The superiority of poetry over painting is proved from this very power it possesses, "of leading the mind by degrees to take an interest in any subject."

num mobile are of a corresponding vigor—as a powerful cause is usually followed by a powerful effect. If then the means made use of by the painter be of a less energetic kind, and, indeed, almost the reverse of those employed by the poet, the second question naturally arises, in the wielding of which of these two agencies is most intellectual power required? To this it may be answered, that, inasmuch as the poet addresses himself to the might and majesty, the beauty and tenderness of powers and affections totally independent for their gratification upon any external stimulating impulses, and imperiously requiring the nicest, and, at the same time, the most effective ministration—powers and affections which disdain the fostering of common nutrition, and which, unlike other existences, thrive and expand best either beneath the external lava of the heart's summer, or the avalanche of its winter solstice—inasmuch as the spirit of the poet is compelled, like the dervise in the Arabian Tale, to undergo a human metempsychosis, infusing, like the all-animating principle of nature, his own essence into his own creations—inasmuch as he is required to be a proficient in the moral anatomy of the human frame, and by a new and more subtle alchymy than philosophy can boast of, to transfuse his very being into the elements around him, until he become a portion of that from which he gathers his sunshine and his storm—inasmuch, in short, as he is left no medium between the highest attainments and the most deplorable failures, insomuch, we apprehend, is the task devolving upon his powers one which demands the most consummate energy, and insomuch, perhaps, does the star of his genius claim the ascendant in the heaven of intellect. Now what, let us ask, are the responsibilities devolving upon the painter? Is he not held answerable, almost exclusively, to the senses; and is he not usually indebted for his resources to the pages of the poet, the historian, or of nature? In either of these cases, organic perception and retention seem alone to be required; whereas the operations of the poet have no ac-

count to settle with the senses—at least, comparatively none. It cannot be said of the latter, as literally as of the musical composer—a Handel, a Purcel, or a Rizzio, that he has “an ear” for music, not even in reference to the rhythmus or measure of his verse—his melody flows from a source within himself.

And here we would distinguish between the mind of the poet and the painter, by adopting Blair’s very just discrimination between the powers of different minds, which will be found to coincide with that drawn by Reynolds, in speaking of the powers of the poet and the painter. The excellence of the latter he terms “the genius of mechanical performance,” as distinguished from that talent, or those powers which belong to general education; and which seem properly to constitute that faculty, which, abstractedly, we call genius. Those energies which are strictly generalised under this term, are, perhaps, of a more enlarged and vigorous nature, than those powers which are particular, and “appropriated,” as the artist above quoted remarks, “to a particular trade, distinguished from all other trades.” This definition of the term genius, abstractedly considered, agrees with that given by Johnson, who explains it to mean, “a mind of enlarged general powers, accidentally turned to some particular pursuit.” Now, painting, music, statuary, and architecture (eloquence we omit, as being more allied to poetry than any of the arts—eloquence, like poetry, being altogether intellectual.) are, we think, decided *callings*—departments in which, by unremitting assiduity, a man may excel, while not all the study in the world—of a whole life—can ever form a poet. Poetry is not a calling, but an inspiration; and here we say, however paradoxical it may sound, that although painting may be considered as an original vocation, yet, at the same time, it cannot be said of him who may excel in this province of art, that he was “*nascitur pictor*,” as it is said of the poet, “*nascitur poeta*.” We explain ourselves thus:—There are many instances on record

to prove that a man's mind has been determined to some particular pursuit by some particular accident, but not by any of those *impassive* accidents, if we may be allowed the expression, which we understand Johnson to allude to. The reading of a poem never yet made a poet, but the sight of a painting has made painters, as the exhibition of the stage has made actors. These latter causes may be termed accidental, it is true, but they are, at the same time, fraught with the most active agency; and when Johnson speaks of genius, "turning its powers accidentally to some particular pursuit," the accident in every such case, has been given birth to in the freedom of *choice*—while at the same time, the *natural impulse* of the mind has preponderated, and led its faculties almost imperceptibly into the channel through which the streams of intellect were designed to flow. So nearly allied to poetry has painting been considered, by almost every writer who has touched upon the subject, that the author of *The Literary Hours*, among others, goes so far as to assert, that the critic who is susceptible to the beauties of the one, never fails in evincing a taste for the other—and in this opinion Dr. Hayley appears to coincide. "He," says Drake, "who can point out the beauties of *Shakspeare*, will seldom (he might as well have said never) be found wanting when called upon to ascertain the merits of *Michael Angelo*." This is a most unfortunate assumption. Certain it is, that the position will not admit of being reversed—that he who is capable of judging of the merits of *Angelo*, will be found qualified to pass sentence upon *Shakspeare*. The above writers appear to shelter themselves under the authority of Horace, who in the 9th line of his *Art of Poetry*, (which Scaliger truly remarks, is "*ars sine arte*")—says, "*Pictoribus atque poetis, quilibet audendi semper fecit æqua potestas.*" Experience and observation, however, both contradict the assertion of the poet and essayists; and we do not think it will be controverted that, where there are ten who will admire the *Shaks-*

peare *Gallery*, there are scarcely two who will relish the Shakspeare *Library*. Facts are stubborn things, and outweigh a thousand gratuitous assumptions. The third and last question, whether the *end* proposed by the poet and the painter be the same, may be answered, we think, as briefly in the negative as the first—the stale abstraction, that the end of the Fine Arts is to please, is unworthy of comment. The painter by presenting an assemblage of colours variously contrasted, to the eye will attract and fascinate that organ, which delights in the magic of hues; but the object of the poet is one which cannot be attained through the instrumentality of any thing external—his aim is, by warming and animating our human sympathies, to awaken the energies of thought and feeling—the whole moral and intellectual being. This is what the painter, with all his art, cannot effect; for, a mere dumb show, a mere grouping of motionless images—a mere index of thought, pointing to the general text of the human mind—in a word, a work “done at *one blow*, where curiosity receives *at once* all the satisfaction it can ever have”^{*}—a performance of this kind, we do contend, can produce but little of that positive effect, which may be said to characterise poetry. Even in epic painting, the most dignified department of the art, what more is achieved beyond a strict conformity to fact, as it may be related, a happy grouping of the images of the canvass, the felicities of manual execution, and a tasteful blending of the colours of the prism? True, it may be retorted upon us, but all this requires talent; we think we have shown, however, that this talent is, neither in kind nor degree, correspondent or commensurate with those powers which are necessary in the production of a fine poem. The world of the painter is but a reflection or transfusion of that of the poet, or of universal nature, as presented alike in the pages of the historian, and as copied from her own fresh and living lineaments. If the painter succeed in giving a

^{*} Reynolds, Dis. VII.

true transcript from the tablet before him, or from actual observation; if he hit that happy effect in his representations, which is immediately felt and acknowledged, and without which the canvass cannot be said to *breathe*; if he give a finish to manual execution, and if he preserve those "traits of truth" in expression, which constitute the magic of his creations, and the secret spell which binds the heart in momentary fascination, if he succeed in the attainment of these ends, he has done all that is required or expected of him—all of which he is capable. We admit the talent, but the excitement of the first moment soon dies away, and the heart which was held in transient bondage, upon regaining its freedom, forgets the memory of its chains. The very reverse of all this, with regard both to original design and after effect, is produced by the inspirations of the pen: and it is not unworthy of remark, that the powers necessary to excellence in the several departments of painting, sculpture, and architecture, have been found united in one and the same mind. This was the case in the instance of *Michael Angelo*; who was a more than a tolerable poet.* *Raffaelt* was likewise an excellent architect; his genius is as conspicuously displayed in the church of St. Peter's as in the *Cartoons*; but we are not presented with any name, in the literary annals of any country, of distinguished repute in the different provinces of poetry (epic) novel writing, and the drama. The sonnets of *Shakspeare*, with one or two exceptions, are very insipid, not comparable to those of *Petrarch*, who did not possess one-half, or barely one-half his genius. The mind of *Milton* was not imbued with that *passion* which seems essential to success in the drama; while *Otway*, who is second only to *Shakspeare* himself as a dramatic writer, failed in attempting one or two kinds of poetry in which *Milton* succeeded. To come down to the pre-

* Of this at least, we feel certain—that the painter would have given us a better Tale of *Paraguay*, than we have been favoured with by Dr. Southey; and nothing half so bad as the *Theodric* of Mr. Campbell.

† Sir *Josiah Reynolds* spells the name as above.

sent day, we have an illustrious instance in the person of the late Lord Byron, of what we imagine to be the original adaptation of certain themes to the literary mind, and the original bias of the imaginative faculty in favour of a particular species of poetical composition. Lord Byron was the first poet of his age, in the general acceptance of the term—but he was no dramatic writer. There is a great deal of fine poetry in his tragedies—how could it have been otherwise? but so is there in the *Masque of Comus*, and *Sampson Agonistes*; yet these productions are any thing but what they purport to be—dramatic. Mr. Maturin, whose dramatic works have acquired much celebrity, was any thing but a poet, in the usual acceptance of the word. There is about as much poetry to be met with in his publication, entitled the “Universe,” as you will find in the *Night Thoughts*; there is a good deal of fine declamation, some sentiment, and more philosophy—but no poetry.

THE DREAM.

He now was walking in a grove of limes,
When a tall girl, with brow as marble pale,
Leading a boy who wistfully at times
Looked in her face, appeared; as a flower frail
Herself she seemed, a plant of other climes
(The grove lay in the depth of an Indian vale)
While at her heart a single feeling seemed
To absorb her being—she walked as one who dreamed.

She suddenly relinquished the boy's hand,
Who darted from her like a bird set free;
When gaily fluttering over the golden sand,
A butterfly companion of the Bee,
Caught the child's eye, who, freed from his command,
Ensoured the little winglet instantly
Within his hat—when a loud burst of joy
Broke from the lips of the delighted boy.

The Girl, as suddenly alarmed for one
Too dearly loved, pursued him, and again
Took his small hand in her's as she had done;
While the charmed child held up to her in vain
The golden glittering prize that he had won,
Struggling to free itself from prisoned pain:
The girl seemed not to see it, and was quite
Lost to all objects that appealed to sight.

She now was seated on a verdant mound,
The boy once more exhibiting to her view

The butterfly still struggling to be unbound ;
A casual look upon the thing she threw,
And was about to cast upon the ground
Her eye again, when something suddenly drew
Her attention tow'rd it—'twas fixed, as though
The object in her vision seemed to grow.

For all itself dilated her full eye
Upon the insect, which had ceased at last
Its efforts to regain its liberty ;
The boy, not thinking that the life was past,
Unclashed his hand, when the poor butterfly
Fell to the ground, its little body fast
Panting for breath, but life and bloom had fled—
The sad boy seeing this said, " Mother it is dead ! "

His mother (such she was it did appear)
Now stooped, and taking up the lifeless thing,
Awhile surveyed, then dropped it—a tear,
As stained with the saffron powder of its wing
Her hand she marked, had gathered—large and clear
It stood within her dark eye quivering ;
She took the boy's hand—as she'd entered, so
She left the garden silently and slow.

To this a dream succeeded full of fear—
He was unconscious of the sudden change
From light to darkness, and the loss of air ;
But found himself transfixed—horrible and strange !
On a bed of torture 'mong the damned, where
He saw around him what appeared a range
Of huge leaden boilers, resembling those
You see in steam-ships—on the surface rose

A hard discoloured crust, lava congealed
It seemed, eternal heat could not consume ;
There was nor sound nor bubble—all was steeled,
Comprest and dead, and silent as the tomb.
Souls were in torment, but to pain annealed,
They silently submitted to their doom ;
No voice of wail their agony to tell,
Broke from the dark grey dungeon of deep hell.

Eyes were dropping blood from the force of pain,
Hands whose locked fixture ground into the bone ;
The agony of muscles that had grown
Expanded by fell torture in each vein,
Where dwelt the deep fire bursting as from stone,
Which did not burst—like a saturated bow
Bent till it vibrates, and remaining so.

And now appeared a serpent huge and grey,
With folds enveloped in a horrid coil ;
Gorged with infernal food volumed he lay ;
He reared his head at length, and roared for spoil
Anew, Hassan shrunk back in blank dismay,
And from his bruised front struggled to recoil ;
The sound was low, 'twas like a distant yell,
But diabolical as his own hell.

All hell returned it—in that instant broke
One universal shriek ! the Damned to pain
Were doomed again—their hundred voices woke
The dismal echoes of their dark domain ;
Old Silence stirred him from his creamy yoke
Then resumed his ancient solitary reign ;
And now hell's monster gathered Hassan in
His iron jaws—a precious bit of sin !

He felt his brain was crushing, so—he woke,
 And Adeline was sitting by his side!
 He scarce believed his senses, but she spoke—
 "I thought if you were not asleep—don't chide,
 But thinking you might be, I did not knock,
 A book might serve, as I have often tried,
 Your fancy to beguile, if not your reason;
 So I've brought Thompson—turning to the Season
 Summer that sings, she lit upon the page
 Describing Musidora in the bath—
 Now, gentle reader, don't be in a rage,
 Because there is no reason for your wrath;
 I do not say she read it—I engage
 To tell you nothing—follow but the path
 Of this my verse, as I have followed story,
 And you may learn the truth, tho' it be sorry.

J. W. S.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Appeal for Suffering Genius, a Poetical Address, for the benefit of the Boston Bard; and the Triumph of Truth, a Poem, by Daniel Bryan. Washington City. Way & Gideon, 1826.

The Lay of Gratitude; consisting of Poems occasioned by the recent visit of La Fayette to the United States, by Daniel Bryan. Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & L. Lea, 1826.

The Mountain Muse; comprising the adventures of Daniel Boone, &c.
Oriental Harp. Poems of Robert S. Coffin, the Boston Bard.

AMONG the many poetical aspirants for the laurel, which every day furnishes forth in America, public opinion, has already assigned to Mr. Bryan, a very respectable place. As to the value of this temporary degree, we shall say nothing at present; contenting ourselves with remarking, that as yet there seems to be no fixed standard of excellence in our country, by which, the crowd, for whom alone, opinions are made and judgements given, can be provided with the means of rating the various claimants for their favor, according to their several merits and excellencies. The tribunals of our country, the Quarterly and Monthly Reviews, seem heretofore to have been swayed by individual prejudices, as public opinion has reversed many of their decisions; and the empty honors which they have liberally bestowed upon favorites and friends, have been wrested from them by that inflexible arbiter, and given to others who have had no share of favor, and in many instances, no notice whatever, from these self-constituted oracles. Public opinion is but little influenced by periodicals in America. The daily journals are the only engines that

exercise, to any great extent this unwieldy and ponderous power. The heavy Review is but seldom seen by the miscellaneous reader, who has an opinion to acquire; and the patrons of these works, are themselves generally, individuals, independent of any influences of this nature. The daily editor, who tells his contributor in a dogmatical and sufficient sentence, that he is indebted to him—that he assures him, his draughts have all been from the genuine Hippocrene, and that he has no doubt that, if born in London, he would be a Lord Byron, Moore or Campbell, is capable of giving that writer a temporary celebrity, which no antagonistic opinion, so uncertain is our public taste, will be able to overthrow. This being the case, it will be readily conceived that the taste of our community in literary matters must be fluctuating and unstable. Add to this, the long contested observation of Jefferson which holds good in this place. When America shall have become as old and we may say, as wealthy as Great Britain, France &c. she will have produced as many and as good orators, poets, historians, and men of science as the latter countries have done. That is to say, a taste will have arisen for mental luxuries with the people, as soon as the absolute necessities of life have been fully provided—and until then, we shall despair of having a fixed standard of excellence, by which the various degrees of merit in our writers shall be ascertained and determined.

Mr. Bryan's first production "*The Mountain Muse*" was published we believe as far back as 1813—too soon for his reputation, although noticed quite as favorably by the publications generally at the north, as a young author could expect or desire. In latter days, however, he has distinguished himself less by his genius, than by the benevolence and good feeling which prompted his "*Appeal*" (one of the works under review) in behalf of the *Boston Bard*, a gentleman whose whole life seems to have been, as far as we can understand, fully calculated to try the mental "thems and sinews" and bring forth poetry from one, not originally "blasted by Phœbus with poetic fire!" we do not

know how far the "Appeal" succeeded in bettering the condition of the unfortunate for whose benefit alone it seems to have been designed ; nor is it at present, exactly our business to enquire—while we grant however to a good object all that it may reasonably command on the score of morals, we may be allowed to dissent from Mr. Bryan's estimate of the abilities of the Boston Bard, which we profess to believe exaggerated by the latter gentleman with a genuine poetic fervency. We shall therefore defer our remarks upon the "Appeal" of Mr. Bryan, until we shall have discussed the merits, and settled, according to our estimate, the pretensions of the Boston Bard.

Mr. Coffin—to whom, at the outset, we must concede a liberal share of poetic vanity, in having assumed to himself in place of one of the many modest and delicate signatures, with which newspaper poetry is usually served up to its readers, a cognomen, indicating a claim at once prominent and singular, however humble the competitor or disreputable the theatre of competition—is only known as one of those regular writers for the daily and other Journals, who are kept in the recollection of the public, solely from being always in its eyes. His effusions are generally short—miscellaneous in their character and various in their merit. They are marked by an ease of expression—a purity of language, rather unusual for an uneducated man, and occasionally a simplicity of thought and chastity of sentiment, which at a time when newspaper poetry was only distinguished for its noise and fury, certainly entitled him to a large share of credit. The novelty however soon wore off in the increased desire for clear and natural sentiment, naturally expressed—and with the exception of some domestic verses, one of which Mr. Bryan has quoted in the "Appeal"—and a few patriotic stanzas rather too full of "small thunder and lightning," the poetry of the Boston Bard has decended into the grave, from the quietude of which, we have no great desire to extricate it. The national ode or song which is also selected in the "Appeal" is not a fair specimen of Coffin's

fin's abilities as a writer. It is a confused jumble of extravagance and "feeble fury." His volume abounds with much that is far superior. Such for instance, as the parody on Gray's *Elegy*; a thing, excellent in its kind, and needing but a very trifling revision to render it perfect. His lines to his mother, are simple and natural. There is something very touching in such of his domestic pieces as relate to his parents—they seem the unlabored effusions of a heart, which the world, although, it may have led astray, has never been able totally to divert from the sweet fountains and fresh associations of innocence and childhood. A curious instance of the writer's deficiency in the essentials of a proper taste, occurs at page 70. A Southerner, however he might have entertained the feelings there expressed, would have blushed to have given them publicity. We can afford room but for the following extract:

TO MY MOTHER.

What shall I bear thee, mother dear,
When thy embrace again I greet,
And feel upon my cheek the tear
That flows when child and parent meet.

What shall I bear thee—Wealth and fame,
Or gems that grow beneath the wave;
Gold have I not; and glory's flame
Hath seldom shone but on the grave!

Nor wealth, nor fame, nor gems to thee,
My mother, will thy offspring bear;
Mean such reward indeed would be
For all thy love, for all thy care.

But I shall bear to thy kind breast
What heaven nor thee will e'er reject;
A wasted form, pale sorrow's guest,
A broken heart—a spirit wreck'd.

We shall now go on to the works of Mr. Bryan, regretting, however, that we can give but a few brief specimens. This gentleman appears to possess a considerable portion of the poetic vein, but to have suppressed it in a considerable degree by the uniformly unfortunate choice of his subject. His first production, and as we have observed some where before, a very youthful one, we are disposed to rank far beyond his latter works, although less polished and chaste, and abounding in such puerilities, as are common to the first

phrenzies of a young and unbridled muse. It has invention and design—too important requisites to poetical success, and in which his latter writings seem to be deficient. The “Mountain Muse” is founded upon the adventures of the celebrated Daniel Boone in Kentucky; whose love for the wilderness is reported to have been so great, that he is said, not content to die like a Christian in a warm bed and good covering, to have gone forth, rifle in hand, into the woods, there to encounter and be overthrown by “the gaunt savage.” We have even seen an account of this circumstance rather differently told, and with some amendments.—His rifle partaking somewhat of its owner’s peculiarities, is said to have discharged itself with fatal effect, some days after the old man’s death, upon seeing a buck of the first head bounding by. To a novelist, such a character might furnish very excellent material. We have seen the use to which Cooper has applied events and situations precisely similar—and in some respects to a certain extent, and then with the most guarded and discriminating caution, we do not pretend to say but that some good poetry might be got out of it—but to young men, it is but dangerous travelling in the woods. For a long poem, such as the “Mountain Muse” the materials are rather limited—the wilderness and prairie are too barren, without the introduction of a more extended agency; and Mr. Bryan will be among the first to agree with us, that one of the grand defects of his work is the “calling of spirits,” and their too readily coming, when called for. He has been under the necessity of putting the heavenly bodies in requisition, and we have accordingly, innumerable spirits brought from their dwellings,

“Yond heaven,
Or, in the nethermost abodes of air;
Or, from the deeps of ocean caves set free,
From Isakhar, where till the morning light
They seek combustible of hellish power, &c.

As we have before intimated, this work exhibits the possession of a fine fancy, which the choice of subject in Mr. Bryan’s latter writings, has had the effect of

curbing and restraining. There are some fine passages in this poem; some excellent conceptions, and rich fancies, spoiled, however, by a cumbrous and unwieldy phraseology, and an affected inversion of the style; that is truly barbarous—destroying entirely that air of nature and simplicity which above all things, are the essentials of all *living* poetry, and which even in the complicated foldings of human passion, are the first ministers to thought and expression. The plan of this work is incongruous and dull—the descriptions are sometimes well done, and as the first effort of a young man, the execution of so elaborate a work is no trifling merit. We give an extract:—

Athwart the turbid deeps outstretch'd, immense,
The sturdy Giants we beheld roll back
With strong nerved arms, the darkly tumbling waves
Till with fatigue o'erpower'd, in mad despair,
They grasp'd convulsively the floating drifts,
Whence soon by strongly driving torrents swept,
Amid the gulphs vertiginous they sunk;
Still hugely heaving through the swallowing tide,
Till from their spouting nostrils gush'd their lives
His raven colour'd flag, full-feasted Death
Spread on the frothy flood and grin'd with joy,
To see on every surge his trophies float,
In that unequal'd hour of his dread reign.

What horrors hover'd o'er the woeeful wreck,
Around the Heavens, a dismal darkness frown'd;
No glance of light the dreary gloom could pierce,
Save what the rushing meteor swiftly shot;
Disclosing thickly through the murky glare,
Ten thousand grisly ghosts, and on the waves
As many froth-white corpses, ghastly, wan.

This passage is possessed of much force and vigour together with a proper choice of well disposed epithet.

And now for the "Appeal." The object of this work has already been made known to the reader, and as we have already gone beyond our limits, we shall not be more explicit. The following lines are descriptive of Coffin's situation:—

"Yet, O! to perish like an outcast wretch—
An exile from the haunts of social man—
To starve in his own dear-loved native land,
And yield his limbs to feed the prowling tribes
Of earth and air, is more than human pride,
In all its daring loftiness, can brave.
To mighty Nature's stern imperious law,
His humbled, broken spirit, therefore, bows,
And supplicates his brother man for bread."

Republican gratitude (not republican ostentation) is next adverted to, and in a graceful and pointed manner :—

"Even now injurious Rumour is abroad,
And breathes against her gratitude a tale
That strikes a pang through many a patriot's heart.
The winged accuser points to that new grave
Where Fulton's widow sleeps—and thus exclaims—
'Those orphans weeping o'er their mother's dust,
And cast dependent on a selfish world,
Are children of a lofty-minded sire
Whose giant energies, with noble zeal,
To build his country's greatness were employed ;
And while her rivers roll, and space exists,
In their sublime results, and useful ends,
Through all her cultured regions, will be felt.
But, unrewarded, to the tomb he sank,
And left his partner, and his infant ones,
To reap the harvest of his generous toil
The lowly grave that hides her broken heart—
Those suffering, friendless orphans tell the rest."

From the poems on Lafayette's arrival in, and departure from America, we give the following :—

While garlands, culled from Glory's richest bowers,
The honoured Chieftain's hoary brows entwine,
And Freedom, clothed in her sublimest powers,
Inscribes his name where deathless tablets shine ;
Still more distinguished honours round him beam.
A higher auspice rules and guards his weal ;
See, o'er him curved, that rainbow's vivid stream,
Whose tints such pure ethereal charms reveal ;
Shall Faith's strong ken not there, unblamed, descry
A halo formed for him by hands on high.

We have already transgressed much beyond our limits and will therefore sum up our opinion of Mr. Bryan in few words. We think that he has done himself injustice by his choice of subject and selection of material. In this particular, his judgment has injured his Genius. We think the plan of publishing a volume of miscellanies always the most proper for a young writer, and consequently, that Mr. B. has erred in undertaking works so elaborate as those under review. The eaglet tries short flights until his pinions have been practised by repeated effort. We feel assured that a volume of miscellanies will put all right again—and will be glad to hear from Mr. B. in the character of a lyrist, as soon as he may think it worth his while to become so.

Arrian, or the Force of Feeling; a Poem, with other pieces. By T. Bynum, Jun. Columbia, S. C. 1827.

WE are truly sorry that Mr. Bynum has been induced to put forth the vagaries of his young Muse, at this premature season. We know not the motive which led to their publication—whether it consisted in the desire of making “a little something” by them, or, that won by “the lure of the ambitious time,” he has been seduced into a public devotion at the foot of Parnassus. Whatever may have been the propelling motive, we must necessarily regret it. We cannot believe the former to have been the case. Young men, and young poets (particularly Southern) are too generous and too warm, as well as too proud, to allow or admit that the desire of gain, has been the source of their inspiration. We must, therefore, believe that Mr. B. has been tempted by the inviting syren, Ambition, to the sacrifices of the Muses in their groves and secluded places; and that he has never believed his worship sufficiently fervent or his homage sufficiently proved, until like the wandering Troubadour of yore, he has poured forth his strains in every ear, and exhibited his achievements and offerings to every eye. The cunning Muse that wins her votary so far at first from the beaten track that he is seldom able to find his way out again, has been winning Mr. B. with here and there a rose bud, dropt artfully at well marked distances, and the young votary has picked up enough to form for himself a wreath, with which he is desirous of showing himself to his fellow devotees, and those “blind elements” who “cannot follow when they lose the clue.” We do not regret the jilting lady’s influence, but we think amours of this kind should always be kept secret until rent roll has been exhibited and income, marriage settlement made and the parties formally contracted. We regret it because we believe that Mr. Bynum is equally disposed to do the same; and because we feel assured that had he waited but five or even two years, our author would have had no reason to be ashamed of his verses.

There is much promise held forth by this little volume. Much fancy, much thought and a tenderness and delicacy that we shall gladly see improved upon and brought to maturity. Mr. B. knows, however, but little of the mechanism of his *trade*: and we will assure him that this particular is far from being an unimportant one with the modern reader.

We shall make a few extracts from this little volume, illustrative of our opinion as to the general merit of our young countryman; which, however favorable, must nevertheless compel the reader to regret their publication, before their author's maturer powers had been developed, or prepared to polish and correct them. The following introductory passage from "morning in the country," is pretty, and tolerably well sustained.

" 'Tis morning, and the Sun's enliv'ning beam
Casts o'er the sky, a thin transparent gleam—
The lofty pines are tipp'd with golden light
A moment—all's magnificently bright!
The fields all verdure wave in noiseless ease,
And gently bend beneath the morning's breeze;
The tinkling sheepbell rises far away,
Among the fens where flocks are wont to stray,
The lowing cows with udders full and round
Are slowly straggling to the well known pound—
And see; where moves along yon grassy plain,
While on the air soft floats her sylvan strain,
The rosy lass who as in olden day,
Sings of her love, in sweetest roundelay,
With the white milk-pail swinging in her hand,
Fresh as the morn, she trips, where silent stand
The patient herd, willing to grant a share
Of the sweet draught to healthy temperance dear."

Our readers will readily agree that there is much promise in this extract; we at least are willing to perceive it. There is too much *sugar candy* in the milk maid's pastoral for our taste: we must confess, however, that we never relished this kind of writing, and may be condemning that as worthless, which other readers may enjoy with pleasure. We think the English pastoral altogether, nothing more nor less, than a nursery for grown children; "Lycidas," and perhaps some few of "Crabbe's" and "Bloomfield's" excepted. "Pope's" pastoral reminds us of a broken debauchee strolling for a change of air and change of scene, over green fields and as Leigh Hunt would say "swelling slopes," and

"leafy rises," and now and then tumbling into a ditch, or duck pond to the detriment of his pumps, silver buckles and silk stockings. The death of the deer in this article is truly a knavish piece of work—a "murder done in Venice, Gonzalo," very murderously done—we meet, however, with a fine line, which we cannot pass:—

"The wild, the fierce delirium of joy."

The comparison between the flower and Clod, the ploughman, is, to say the least of it, unlucky. The article, on the whole, is the most favorable specimen of Mr. B's talents that the book affords. We quote entire, the "Lines, written on a blank leaf in the Pleasures of Memory," as a fair specimen of his powers of versification, bating one or two trifling inaccuracies that a man of genius will be able himself to correct and which, we therefore leave to the author's own management.

"At some moment, perchance, when age silvers that brow,
Where the sunshine of youth spreads so joyously now;
When pleasures and bitterness, griefs, hopes and fears,
Have each o'er that cheek spread their smiles and their tears—
And lull'd in the calm sweet repose of old age,
With no ills to distract—no griev'd heart to assuage—
Thou may'st cast a kind glance thro' the vista of years
To the spring time of life which so lovely appears;
While thus cheering Memory holds to your view
The scenes of that childhood all wish to renew—
While thine eye, fill'd with rapture, exults o'er each scene,
And thou thinkest of happiness—remember me then."

Our opinion of Mr. Bynum's poetical talent may be gathered from the preceding observations. We think that he possesses to a certain degree two of the necessary requisites of a poet imagination and delicacy. All that he wants, and time and study, will enable him to provide himself with these, is reflection and care. He must, like every other poet, who has ever attained to celebrity, become his own critic. It is necessary that he should become at times a Brutus to his children, and sacrifice their lives to remove their vices. He must balance every line, weigh every thought and regulate every sentence by a fixed standard of melody. It is idle to think that Nature will not only provide, but

dig for and polish the material and ore. Labor is essential even to inspiration. The Pythia never brought forth, but in pain—and the student, in the solitude of his closet, by his dim lamp and glowing crucible, must close his ears to the revelry about him—and forego the present life, for the living immortality of the future. We do not ask Mr. Bynum or any other poet to exercise the slavish precision of a mathematician in his verses; but there are rules which taste will establish, truth recognize, and judgement readily comprehend, which must guide the poet and revise his song. To close, we will only say, that the Muses, are coy ladies and like all other ladies, a devotee should never enter their presence slovenly or unshaven.

CICERO.

THE indeterminate manner in which Cicero in some of his Dialogues discusses the question concerning the Soul's Immortality, together with certain ambiguous expressions which he drops in other parts of his writings, have given occasion to suspect the firmness of his faith in this important article. A suspicion of the same kind, and for the same reason seems to have arisen in Cicero's time, with regard to the real opinion which Socrates held on this great point; and the observation the Roman philosopher makes in order to rescue his admired sage from this unjust surmise, is no less applicable to himself. Socrates in the defence he made on his trial, expresses the strongest persuasion that the death he was going to suffer, would be a change of the greatest advantage to him in another state of existence; yet, after all, and in the conclusion of the same speech, he declares himself altogether uncertain of the consequences that would follow that event. Upon this occasion, Cicero remarks, that the sentiments of Socrates concerning the Immortality of the Soul, were by no means wavering and undetermined: but that he closes his speech in this indecisive manner, in order to

persevere to the last in that distinguishing principle of his philosophy "never to dogmatize upon any subject." The same mode of philosophising, as it was adopted by Cicero, will equally serve to reconcile the seeming fluctuations of his opinion, with his entertaining at the same time a firm expectation of an after life in some better state. And this observation will appear the more applicable in the present case, by considering the *manner* in which he delivers himself upon those controverted questions of another nature, concerning which it would lead one to imagine that his notions were unsettled. Thus in the treatise addressed to Brutus, wherein he explains his ideas of the most perfect species of oratory, and agreeably to which it may well be supposed he endeavoured to form his own, he still preserves the *distinguishing* spirit of his sect; and he concludes that elegant performance with as much doubt and hesitation, as if he had really been at a loss where to fix his judgement in relation to the true principles of an art he had so thoroughly studied, and in which he so eminently excelled.

This might suffice for a general answer; but the question is of some importance, and deserves a more particular examination. For this purpose it will be necessary to remove a prejudice which may be conceived against that sect whose principles, it is well known Cicero embraced, as if the doctrine of the Academics directly tended to universal scepticism. The truth, however, is much otherwise; as the single difference in this respect between the Academics and the other sects was, that the latter usurped the style of *demonstration*, while the *former* with much more modesty as well as reason, laid claim only to moral certainty.* The Academic mode of philosophising was indeed, of all others, the most favourable to the interests of truth and the advancement of real science; for by guarding the mind from a previous bias towards any assumed

* This mode of philosophising is well worthy of being associated with that recommended by Bacon; as it is equally opposed to system, and favorable to observation and continued inquiry.

principles, or an unwarrantable adherence to systems at an early period of life, and before the judgement was capable of distinguishing between the argument and authority; the inquirer came prepared to discuss without prejudice or predilection, the strength or weakness of the several reasons which were urged on each side of any question in debate. But although these cautious philosophers were slow in adopting systems, and always more disposed to *examine* than to *decide*; their opinions were by no means forever in a state of suspense, and perpetually hovering between opposite hypotheses; they disputed, it is true, on every side, but they regulated their conduct only by the principles of one. If in several, therefore, of Cicero's philosophical pieces, his own notions on the subject are not easily discernable, he keeps them out of sight, not because he was himself undetermined, or had any private reasons for concealing his sentiments, but because he thought it the fairest method to leave the respective arguments of the disputants to make their own proper impressions, without adding his particular authority as an adventitious weight to sway the judgement of the reader. But to state this matter fairly, it must be acknowledged that there are two or three passages in Cicero's private letters, which at first glance, may seem to countenance that suspicion concerning his faith, which it is the endeavour of the present reflections to remove. But upon nearer and more accurate inspection of these supposed unfavorable declarations, it will appear, in the first place, that without any violence of construction this may be interpreted as meaning nothing more than that "death is an utter extinction of all sensibility with respect to human affairs;" and in the next place, are so many clear and positive assertions that "the soul does not survive the body;" yet it would by no means follow that this was Cicero's real persuasion. For it has been proved, in several instances produced for that purpose, that it was usual with him in his private letters to vary his sentiments in

accommodation to the particular principles or circumstances of the correspondent to whom he was writing. But if Cicero's true opinion in respect to the interesting question under consideration, is neither to be traced with certainty in his philosophical dialogues; nor to be discovered in his private correspondence with his friends, where, it may be asked, can we hope to find it?

It would seem that an unprejudiced reader who attentively peruses his treatise on Old Age, can be at no loss to answer this question. It is true Cicero speaks throughout that piece in an assumed character; but lest it should be doubted whether he held the same opinions which he represents Cato to have entertained, he expressly assures Atticus, in the introductory address to him, that he had found such satisfaction in drawing up the reflections he was going to lay before him, as had rendered his declining age not only an easy but an agreeable state to him; and that he had fully delivered his *own* sentiments in those which he had put into the mouth of his venerable countryman.—This essay, therefore, written but a few years before his death, and almost the very last that he executed in his philosophical character, may be considered as an explicit and unambiguous profession of his belief of the soul's separate existence in a future state. And if after so positive a declaration of his being convinced of the truth of this important doctrine, the sincerity of his faith might nevertheless be called in question, hard indeed would be the task to give his inquirers satisfaction.—*Cicero on Old Age:—Translator's Note.*

The Discov'ned. By the author of Pelham.

THIS is a fashionable novel of much character. Written in a very graceful manner and quite a gentlemanly style, without much plot, but abounding in interest arising from situation. The author writes well, and is evi-

dently a man of first rate genius. He is sometimes highly poetical in his sketching. Some of the passages in an episode, which involves the fortunes of a young talented and ambitious painter are full of pathos. We think the conception of character generally, overcharged and extravagant, but the execution excellent. It is in this particular *only* that the writer falls short of Sir Walter Scott. Some of his personages are modelled upon others of this great novelist. The *English* fanatic, (a new creature by the way, Jack Cade excepted) who occupies an important place in this work, is but a poor imitation of that masterpiece of drawing, in the character of Burley, in one of the "Tales of My Landlord." We recommend "The Disowned" to the reader, assured that he will rise from its perusal, without regretting, as we are frequently compelled to do, the unsatisfactory waste of time, employed in the performance.

Zillah, a Tale of Jerusalem.

WE sat down to this book with our disposition to receive pleasure enlarged considerably beyond our wont; and were quite disappointed. Zillah in spite of all the praise so liberally bestowed upon it, is a remarkably dull book, though written by Horace Smith. The plot is very simple and rather common place and *outré*. The author has given us wild men and wild beasts enough, without enlivening the narrative to any very great extent. Prophets that promise as liberally as men can, who promise for other people; young warriors that conquer every thing but the doubts of the reader, and young women putting on the helmet as Joan of witch memory, and leading on the troops of a warlike nation to battle, who it seems had no other leader. Above all Mark Antony, is represented as a drunken British porter; and the ladies of Rome as army victuallers and general commissaries.

Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman.

In reading the "Disowned and Pelham" we reversed the order in which they were published by the author; the latter having made its appearance some time before the former—we read "Pelham" last. Of these two excellently written novels, we are inclined, notwithstanding the voice of the public, to give the preference to "Pelham." The same faults prevail in this work that we objected to in the "Disowned" namely, extravagance in the conception of character and incongruity in the plan; but there is a vast deal of fine writing and excellent humour; a fund of morality and a perfect intimacy with the secrets of that "illimitable vast," the human heart. We think the character of Glanville excessively overcharged. As a proud man highly gifted and possessed of that singular degree of sensibility, which the author has thought proper to bestow upon him, it was certainly out of character, to seek the poor revenge, afforded by the ruin of Tyrrell, a low gamester, with a narrow vicious mind, whose only propensities were the gaming table, horse race, and brothel. A revenge too, so long delayed, to end at last in an abortive desire for a personal combat, which (to render more contemptible the character of his enemy) the latter very judiciously declines. The work throughout is excellently managed—the spirit of the dialogue seldom flags, and the interest is such that the reader is in no danger of becoming weary, ere he arrives at the end of his journey.

CHARLESTON MEDICAL SOCIETY OF EMULATION.

THE third annual report of this Institution has just been put into our hands. We are astonished to perceive that it has continued prosperous so long. Its fate has certainly differed materially from that of every other Institution in this City, whose object was utility, science, morals, or order. If the present appearance be not deceptive, we shall really begin to suspect that there is still some hope in us. But we shrewdly fear

the present prosperous condition of this as well as every other establishment of a similar nature, whose fortunes may yet be considered problematical, is but the forerunner of an ugly catastrophe. We hope, that our fears may prove groundless.

The report, however, is in its first *postulate*, rather unfortunate. The present time is very far from being more enlightened than the past. We admit the inference, but not the ground from which it is drawn. Knowledge in Europe may have been more widely disseminated among the great body of the people, and most probably it is. It is less locked up—the seal of the fountain has been taken off, and men of all conditions have drank from it deeply. Not so in America—not so in Carolina—and, to sink progressively, not so in this ostentatious City of Charleston. There are some few who may claim to possess the inestimable gift of acquirement won with labor, and wisdom, concealed by modesty. But the many are wretchedly ignorant. Nothing is too easy that they have to learn. They must commence with the very elements of speech—begin with A, B, C, and after all, it may discover that the only attainable words among them will be “ardent spirits,” “chivalry” and “civil and religious liberty” while wallowing in a ditch, breaking down a lamp-post, or vowing vengeance in the lobby of a theatre, to the infinite delight of the amused, but not astonished spectator.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

WE were surprised, some few days since, to perceive, stuck up at the corners of some of our public buildings a catalogue of the Academy pictures, proposed for sale. We have since understood, that the academy is in bad circumstances, and likely to fall through. This is all as it should be, fellow citizens. While we are free let us continue so. Nothing proves so soon our independence, as the removal of letters and every appendage of the Arts. Why should we have an academy of paintings, a college for the education of our children, or churches

for the encouragement and inculcation of morals. Why not be as free as the brute, who is not taxed to read, write or acquire knowledge? All these can be furnished to our hand. Men will come from the north, books from the same quarter, exhibitions will delight us in the common course of things without our shoulders being applied to the wheel; and what if we lose the reputation of our ancestors and acquire a new one which they might have labored to avoid, so long as there is no one impertinent enough to tell us so to our teeth: so long as we have horses to ride, puppies to train, and porter to stultify our senses with at pleasure why let the world jog on as it will and be the "bubble reputation" the matter of air that it ever will be.

TIME'S TROPHIES.

Where are the trophies, Time!
 Thy power hath wrested from the groaning earth;
 Since first she bounded on her course sublime,
 At young Creation's birth!
 Be they the ensigns bright,
 That floated gorgeously o'er conquered fields,
 Blasting the nations with the direful light,
 Ambition's balefire yields.
 Oh no! alike by thee,
 The victim's sorrow and the tyrant's lust,
 Are stricken from the roll of things that be,
 And all is silent dust.
 Or are thy trophies found
 In Media's or Assyria's ruined halls,
 Or where thy ruthless wing hath strewed the ground
 With Tadmor's crumbling walls.
 Oh no! for vast and bare,
 The everlasting desert stands alone,
 And breathes a silent desolation there,
 More awful than thine own!
 Or seek we them, where ceased
 The weal or wo that cheered or cheered the breast,
 The sated reveller at life's full feast
 Hath sunk to dreamless rest.
 Oh no! for even the tomb,
 Is redolent of many a deathless flower
 Springing to life with a perennial bloom,
 That mocks thy utmost power!
 Where are thy trophies, then!
 Not in the mighty works by thee o'erthrown,
 Nor blood-steeped banners of ambitious men,
 Who craved or cursed a throne;
 Nor do they form a part
 Of that which terminates this mortal span—
 Found are thy trophies in the altered heart,
 And form of living man.

W. H. V.

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

MR. ADAMS' Rolla, would be a performance highly creditable to any actor in America. Chaste and graceful in delineation and perfect in conception, we are only at a loss to conceive why he does not appear more frequently. He certainly owes it to an audience, by which he is so highly appreciated.

His "Alexander the Great" in Lee's tragedy of the name, is full of vigour and excellence. In this character, he seems perfectly at home. Beyond what the part calls for, there is no extravagance in his acting—and the bursts and overflowings of passion and pride, are kept under the proper dominion of truth and nature, in their wildest impulses. We know of no young actor, whose promise of excellence is so fair as that of this gentleman, and are perfectly satisfied that he should follow the present dictates of his own judgment. His imperfections are few and easily remedied, and this duty we are willing to leave entirely to himself.

MRS. BARNES is certainly an actress of sterling merit. Her Juliet is a delightful performance—her Statira as we could wish it always to be performed. Few ladies so well understand the business of the stage—few are more happy in those occasional ebullitions of pathos that appeal so directly to the bosom of an audience.

MISS KELLY in Romeo was exceedingly happy—her musical powers are remarkably rich and melodious, and of astonishing compass. As an actress of genteel comedy, she is uniformly graceful, and wears "the fashion of the time," with as much ease and unconsciousness as if it was made for her.

MR. FIELDING has certainly improved wonderfully—as a comedian he ranks very respectably. His Don Felix was a very correct performance.

MR. LEAR is a young man of much promise. We would expect him, however, to dismiss his hoarseness, or get a new voice. We can assure him that colds are now so common, as to be unfashionable. We have it

on the authority of several large-kneed men with tight pantaloons; so there can be no doubt on the subject. We think that it would be worth his while, to study a little more. His art is the most difficult of all arts, and requires the labour of a long life, to perfection. We would not trouble ourselves to afford this advice, did we not think that his natural abilities would fully repay him for the trouble consequent to the experiment. We think highly of his professional talent and with the benefit of our advice, we venture to affirm that the public will also rate it much higher than at present.

MISS CLARA FISHER, This celebrated actress having made her appearance on our boards, with the most complete success, it may not be out of place in offering some few remarks upon her playing, to give a brief cursory notice of her first appearance in public and her subsequent dramatic career.

MISS CLARA, is the daughter of a respectable auctioneer, and was born on the fourteenth July 1811, she evinced at a very early period the possession of a remarkable share of musical and dramatic talent. This faculty was the more remarkable, as her parents were not frequenters of the theatre, and the *mania* therefore could have had very little influence upon the character of the young Clara. Such was the exquisite nicety of her ear in musical matters, that, soon after she could walk she could learn any air, with the most accurate justness, after having heard it but once or twice played on the piano-forte. That era of her life which determined her future career was brought about in the following manner. The celebrated Mis O'Neill, at that time, the powerful attraction of Covent-Garden, induced Mr. Fisher and his family, contrary to their usual habit to visit that theatre. This lady appeared in the character of Jane Shore, in the personation of which she was particularly successful. The delighted Clara, on her return home, evinced the impression made upon her mind by the performance. She retired into a corner of the apartment, and went through, in dumb-show

all that she had witnessed with the most surprising accuracy and effect. She was at this period, under four years of age—and the faculty thus early exhibited, we perceive has ripened into maturity and excellence.

On the tenth of December 1817 she was persuaded though little more than six years of age, by the celebrated composer M. D'Corri, to appear in a musical drama altered from Garrick's *Lilliput*. The character assigned her was *Lord Flimnap*, in which, she made her *début* before a London audience, and so well was she received that the piece had a run of seventeen successive nights before overflowing houses; on the eighth of march 1818. she made her appearance at Covent Garden, before the Prince Regent and many other persons of distinction in the pantomime of *Gulliver*, she personating *Richard the Third*. She then entered into an engagement with Mr. Elliston, for a few nights at Birmingham where she was received with the warmest applause and admiration. At Worcester, Bath, Bristol, Brighton, Margate, Weymouth, Southampton, Dublin, Edinburgh, Liverpool &c. and in the United States, at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Savannah, Augusta, Charleston &c. &c. her reception has fully confirmed the promise of her infancy. Miss Fisher, has or had two very interesting sisters; both of whom were actresses of considerable merit. Her range of character is singularly extensive. In the gay, volatile and buoyant beauty, as in the Romp and Hoyden, she is equally at home and excellent. Her manner is distinguished by liveliness and spirit—she appears to enter at once into the character she assumes, and before she is done with it, makes it entirely her own.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

MESSIEURS EDITORS.—I beg leave to enclose for insertion in your Journal, if not inconsistent with the plan you have proposed to yourselves in its conduct, a revolutionary relic. It consists of a number of stan-

zas, rudely and rather quaintly written, apparently upon some exploit of Gen. Marion, or as he was technically termed at the time "the Swamp Fox" and conveying some little sarcasm upon the British Claverhouse, in America, the notorious Colonel Tarleton. They were found among a number of old papers principally referring to events of the revolution, consisting of songs and anecdotes, the principal number being in fragments, and compiled seemingly by some person actively engaged in the events he celebrates. From their imperfect state I shall have to be at considerable pains if I seek to do any thing with them, and therefore furnish you with the enclosed, as being, to all appearance, complete. As I believe there is much interest connected with these old records, as they seem to me, to contain and convey a good deal of the spirit of their time, I shall offer no excuse for thus troubling you.

T. S.

THE SWAMP FOX.

Oh! the Swamp Fox is before thee on Edisto side,
 'T will warm thee a buffet well to go without a guide,
 For his men with muskets ready cock'd are well prepared to be
 With nerves and muscles tightly stock'd for the death of such as thee.

They have made a great rejoicing, but their sentinels are out,
 And there is scarcely hanging room for an adventurous scout:
 Yet will I dare to show the spot where the Swamp Fox takes his rest,
 And let his waking up to night be a bagnet at his breast.

Then did the Savage Tarleton catch with pleasure at the word,
 The sweetest sound for three long weeks his ears had ever heard,
 And starting up he swore an oath that should he catch the Fox,
 The rogue should have his stomach full of ugly handled knocks.

Put down your embrasures at once, my jolly dogs of war,
 For says this rascal tory Scout we shall not journey far,
 Put down canteens and eatables and preparation make,
 To catch the rebels on the hip until they howl and shake.

Thus at the word, the heroes rose and put their stock aside,
 Their eatables their drinkables—a British soldier's pride;
 A good large stock of good large things, they placed beneath a guard,
 Who, as the main body marched off 'gan drinking very hard.

The Swamp Fox had not gone to roost, but in his outer cloak,
 He hugg'd himself quite close and neat in the branches of an oak,
 And overheard the whole affair, then posting on his way,
 He put his ragged partizans in Falstaff-like array.

Each soldier had his fowling piece, but not one had a load,
 And in this good condition they sat out on t'other road,
 Then by a sudden cut they come, upon the British guard,
 Who, left in charge of gin and rum had been drinking very hard:

They thought it was their brethren and gave 'em up the rum;
 It was a pleasant beverage, the rebels wanted some—

They also took the eatables and all their arms away,
 And bade them mount and hasten on to mingle in the fray.
 The Scout was hung and Tarleton was still dissatisfied,
 Tho' the rascal said, "God save the King" three times before he died;
 The adventure of the night was known and the ladies of the Town;
 Then gave a ball and ask'd the Knight to dance his sorrows down.

SONNET.

The heart that is not gentle, has no eye,
 For beauty, or for excellence of soul
 In man or woman.—His delights are found
 Apart from the high virtues. Seek him, where
 The bull is baited by ferocious dogs,
 And wrought to madness—or, amid the crowd
 That fill the noisy circus, or surround
 The course, where brutal idleness has built
 His vulgar temple, happy to receive
 The homage of the sot, the gamester, fop,
 Or silly woman, willing to admit
 The triad to her footstool, blest alike
 The worshipper and worshipp'd. Thus erewhile
 Apes were adored by meaner apes and gods
 Were made of noisome animals, and wrought
 To every form by Ignorance and Vice.

A writer, on the management of Bees, in a late number of the *North American Review*, says that he brought as a pre-requisite to the management of a hive of Bees, "a mind tinctured with all that was marvellous and fanciful"—see No. 61, pr. 340.—truly, a marvellous requirement.

IN a late number of a weekly literary paper called the "*Critic*," published in New York, and edited by a Mr. Leggett, we have a comparison of Mr. *Percival* to Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pope, collectively! O, Mr. William Leggett!

SOME of the characteristics of our negro population are highly curious and interesting—one of these we give; a negro boy in attendance on a sick woman of his own colour, believing in her paroxysm that death was approaching, left the body in haste, and rushing from the room, quickly returned with some money and placing it in the hands of the dying woman, exclaimed; as he shut them upon it, "take em, no say, I never pay you de sevenpence I borrow from you, fore you dead."